

Clash of Empires: Reclaimer War

by HD-spartan

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Summary: The USFA with the help of a Precursor Artefact have achieved intergalactic travel and have begun to colonise new worlds. The Turian Hierarchy discover a new race and move to suppress them. The wheels of fate are turning and soon the Reclaimer will bring fire to this new galaxy.

1. Prologue: Rise of the USFA

Empires Clash

Okay, this is a rewrite and has been updated and improved and I have brought back ONI as I now have a new plan for Cerberus.

Feedback and advice are welcome.

Prologue : Rise of the USFA.

2552 :-

The end of the Human-Covenant. SPARTAN "117" is declared MIA.

2553:-

Thel 'Vadam attends memorial ceremony for all lost in the Great War.

While at the memorial ceremony for those lost in the war Fred-104, Linda-058, and Kelly-087 pay their respect to all fallen SPARTANS and Kelly places John-117's scarred and broken Mark V MJOLNIR helmet next to the Hillside monument.

Doctor Catherine Elizabeth Halsey is arrested by an ODST team under orders of Admiral Margaret Orlenda Parangosky. To the galaxy at large

Dr Halsey died on Reach but she is secretly kept prisoner on the Ivanoff research station orbiting Installation 03.

A joint UNSC and Sangheili task forces arrive at Sanghelios and attack the city state of Ontom, the home of rebel Sangheili faction Abiding Truth. The _UNSC Infinity_ sees its first deployment in combat. During the battle a SPARTAN-IV fire team extracts Professor Evan Phillips.

In the wake of the attack the actions of Captain Serin Osman and Admiral Parangosky in attempting to destabilise the Sangheili are brought to light. Admiral Parangosky is relieved from duty and arrested for treason against the UEG and the UNSC. Captain Osman and the rest of her covert operations unit, Kilo-Five are demoted and placed under watch.

The AI _Black Box (BB)_ is terminated by the Assembly and Committee of Minds for Security for treason against humanity.

The UNSC hands back control to the UEG. A formal peace treaty is signed with the Sangheili.

2554:-

Dr Halsey and former Admiral Parangosky switch places, as Parangosky is imprisoned in Installation-03, and Halsey is placed in command of the Office of Naval Intelligence.

2555:-

The SPARTAN IV programme is complete, granting the UNSC two regiments of SPARTANS each 3000 strong. The regiments are split into three battalions of 1000 each and they in turn are split into companies of 250 SPARTANS.

2556:-

All serving SPARTAN II's and III's are promoted to Commander or Lieutenant Grade 2 and are deployed among SPARTAN IV battalions. Kelly-087 is stationed on the _UNSC Infinity_ with the 1st battalion of the 171st SPARTAN regiment the "War Dogs".

The Assembly and Committee of Minds for Security receive a data packet from the lost AI _Cortana_ containing the possible complete history of the Forerunners and Humanity. This leads all AI's in the UNSC to suggest, at various points over the next year, that a search and rescue fleet should be devised to search human space for lost ships and colonies.

2557:-

The _UNSC Infinity_ crashes on the Forerunner world the Requiem. The _Forward Unto Dawn_ also crashes on the planet. John-117 is reunited with Kelly-087 and the UNSC. John-117 is promoted on the field to Commander to allow him more flexibility with the SPARTAN IVs.

Over the next 9 months the crew of the _Infinity_ fight both remnants of the Abiding Truth and Promethean class Forerunner, combat AI's under the control of a rampant _Cortana_, who was experiencing a system melt down, as two sides of her personality that were damaged

during her time on the Flood infested High Charity, clash.

Only with the intervention of the entire Assembly does _Cortana_ regain control enough to terminate herself. And reveals that a rogue AI known as _Burning Summer_, created by the Forerunner known as Antarius Didact, was attempting to open the Requiem, the prison for over 9 million corrupted Promethean Knights with only one directive - kill all non-Forerunners.

Her last words are similar to her first _"When the game is over, the king and pawn go into the same box. And now my great journey ends, I too go into the box." Cortana_ is posthumously awarded the Colonial Cross and the Medal of Honour, the first AI to receive any medals or awards in the UNSC.

2558:-

Another two regiments of SPARTANS were completed, as well as six more UNSC Super Carriers.

The Human-Sangheili Alliance engages the forces of the Abiding Truth and Insurrectionists over the next year culminating in the Battle of Venezia, where all Spartans were deployed along with a fleet of over 750 ships, including all of the UNSC Super Carriers and 9 Sangheili assault carriers. The Abiding Truth and Insurrectionists are wiped out. Due to his tactical and combat skills in the battle and his past actions John-117 is promoted to Colonel.

2559:-

Colonel John-117 leads an expeditionary force to the Ark where they find the Ark completely intact. Upon landing they are greeted by the Forerunner AI _Offensive Bias_. He leads John and the other senior officers of the expeditionary force to a large citadel opposite to the control room of the Ark where the Prophet of Truth died.

Inside they meet a dying Antarius Didact. Several officers moved to get medical help, until the Didact reveals that he has watched humanity since the firing of the Halo Array and now wishes to die. He also reveals that only humans with a special genetic structure are considered Reclaimers, and almost all of them were SPARTANS. As the last Forerunner dies his words were "_And so my sins are absolved in Reclamation_."

The UNSC promoted John-117 to Rear Admiral and ordered him to secure the Arks control room and locate all of the seven Halo rings. And to scout out the Ark for colonisation.

The Assembly ask _Offensive Bias_ for assistance in tracking the rogue Forerunner AI _Burning Summer_. While conducting their search they discover that John-117 and the other SPARTAN II's contain a massive genetic similarity to the deceased Didact, in fact John-117's DNA was 83.5% similar to the Didact.

2561:-

The Ark has become the largest UNSC military shipyard and base in existence and all but one of the Halo rings are under the control of the UNSC, Installation-07 is the only exception. There are now twenty SPARTAN regiments in active combat with two more in reserve.

The Sangheili and other former Covenant races including the Jiralhanae ask the UEG to join them in forming a galactic government the United Species Federal Alliance (USFA). The UEG agrees.

2565:-

The United Species Federal Alliance is officially formed to be lead by a Senate with 10 representatives from each species. The United Species Armed Forces (USAF) are formed from the various species militaries, Humanity and the Sangheili contribute the most.

The Ark is made military capital of the USAF and wartime capital of the USFA. The USAF High Command (USAFHIGHCOM or HIGHCOM for short) is formed, HIGHCOM is made up of two Sangheili Field Marshalls, two Sangheili Fleet Masters (Highest standard fleet based Sangheili officer) the Sangheili Imperial Admiral, two human Generals, two Admirals and a Fleet Admiral, two Jiralhanae War Chieftains, two Alpha Jiralhanae (Highest fleet based Jiralhanae officer), and the Chieftain of the Jiralhanae, only the Arbiter out ranks all members of HIGHCOM and it was suggested that he share his position of power.

The Office of Naval Intelligence is expanded to encompass members of the USFA and reorganised. ONI is to be run by Admiral Osman (Osman and the rest of Kilo-Five were returned to normal duties after the Battle of Venezia) and is divided into sections. Section one-the public face; Section two-the military coordination; Section three-covert ops and black ops; Section four answered directly to the Supreme Commander and is responsible for the safety of the senate, and finally "Ghost Section" the secret military arm of ONI, their existence only known to HIGHCOM.

Dr Halsey is made chief archivist and scientist on the Ark.

2566:-

A Forerunner shield world containing a large number of Flood specimens is opened by _Burning Summer_. _USAF_ is quick to respond. USAF Super Carriers and Assault Carriers were deployed amass. USAF marines and ODS are ordered to capture and destroy the planet's archives. During the battle the 171st SPARTAN regiment "War Dogs" are deployed. Rear Admiral John-117 deploys to ground combat with his regiment while Fleet Admiral Hood leads the orbital battle. During an attack on the Floods Proto-Gravemind, a Flood Infection form tries to infect John-117 by attacking his neck when his helmet is removed in combat. Kelly-087 rips the form from John's neck before the infection can properly begin. All USAF troops retreat when Lord Hood declares orbital bombardment of the planet. _Burning Summer_ is terminated as he attempts to join with the Floods Proto-Gravemind, he delivers his final words to John-117 "_Child of my enemy, why did you come? I offered no forgiveness, a father's sins, passed to his son. But you who has defied Gods and Demons, you are a monument to all their sins. And so you are the Reclaimer, the Inheritor, and the Forerunner_."

The Cortana contingent and Hood protocols are created to help combat the Flood.

2567:-

After months of testing by Dr Halsey and _Offensive Bias _it is revealed that by halting the infection process John-117's ageing cells were badly damaged. When Forerunner nanobots try to heal him they are permanently attached to his nervous system and bloodstream, increasing the speed at which he heals and making him practically immortal. Dr Halsey and _Offensive Bias _say they can replicate the process but only fully in SPARTAN II's, other people will only have their lives lengthened by a several centurys.

2569:-

The USFA Senate and USAF HIGHCOM agree that John-117 should be rewarded for his efforts and his actions at Shield World. The Arbiter suggests that he and John share the position of Supreme Commanders of the USAF. The Senate and HIGHCOM agree.

2570:-

John-117 is promoted to Supreme Command of the USAF outranking all military personnel save the Arbiter, as they are of equal rank. _Offensive Bias _began to call John Didact, seeing as they were both Supreme Commanders and they shared many other traits. As he has no last, middle or second name John takes the name John Antarius Didact.

John Didact marries Kelly 087.

The USAF Fleet is ordered to the Ark for rearmament and upgrades.

Dr Halsey discovers a Forerunner archive on the planet Charum Hakkor conserving the Precursors.

After two months of study the USFA declares that if any Precursor instillations are found they are subject to the Cortana Contingent and Hood Protocol if they could threaten the USFA.

2571:-

The construction begins on the first USAF dreadnought.

A USAF combat patrol comes across a damaged and battered group of frigates and cruisers while searching the debris they come across a group of survivors. The survivors were human.

From the survivors they learned of a war between a separate branch of humanity, the Trader Emergency Coalition (TEC), and their foes, the Vasari Empire and the Advent, and the fact that all factions were now splitting into groups of Rebels or Loyalists.

After much thought and argument the Senate and HIGHCOM agree that they should help the TEC and invite them to join the USFA.

2572:-

The USAF 3rd and 16th Fleets are sent out, with the Fleet of Divine Justice to support.

First contact with the TEC goes better than expected with the TEC agreeing to join the USFA.

The TEC were splintering at the time of First Contact but are reunited thanks to the USFA allowing both of the TEC powerful Titans to be used. All of the USAF and TEC ships are refitted with new and more powerful weapons.

TEC inform the USFA that they won the war against the Vasari and the Advent but they now only have 134 planets instead of their original 300.

2573:-

TEC officially join the USFA.

The Titan class warships are reclassified as Assault Carriers.

2574:-

The USFA has mapped almost 93% of the Milky Way Galaxy.

Each USFA planet has one battle cluster of five ODP and one Argonev Star Base, home planets have ten battle clusters and two Star Bases, Halo Rings are guarded by four battle clusters and three Star Bases, and the Ark has forty battle clusters and ten Star Bases.

2575:-

The last Halo ring is found. Supreme Commander John Antarius Didact orders the Fleet of Retribution under Rtas 'Vadum to the ring.

The USAF first Leviathan class Dreadnought - _The Leviathan _is completed.

Next Chapter:- First contact

This whole story has been rewritten so some of your comments will have been considered.

Yours

HD-Spartan.

2. Chapter 1 Stories and First Contact

Empires Clash

Just a quick word I have buffed up the Citadel species and Terminus Spaces so they now have an equal if not greater combined fleet size to the USAF I am also throwing the Treaty of Farixen out the window and in to the gutter.

Now enjoy First Contact.

Chapter 1: stories and First contact

****2575 January 6****th**** (**Military Calendar) Slipspace en-route to
Instillation-07 Refitted ****_**CAS**_**-class assault carrier**
****_**Shadow of Intent**_**

Rtas 'Vadum stared out of the hanger lost in thought, his fleet had been ordered to secure the last Halo ring a task that Rtas felt was going to be more trouble than it was worth. Sighing he turned and started to walk to the bridge so he could get a look at the fleet before they arrived.

"A Fleet Master! Just the man I wanted to see." called a voice from behind him. Rtas turned as Major Frederic-104 marked up to him. The SPARTAN was clad in the replacement for MJOLNIR armour.

TITAN power assault armour, it looked almost like the MJOLNIR Mark V but the helmet's visors were more slanted and the armour was all black including the visor. Fred had taken the Hayabusa variant. His helmet was clipped to his armour revealing his scarred face. Rtas tried not to shudder whenever he was around SPARTANS these days he felt as if they were watching you even if they weren't. "Spartan." Rtas said with a nod.

"Lieutenant Helmota said you were down here. I need to finalise some details on our forces with you." Fred explained.

"Of course." Rtas tried to avoid looking at the large katana magnetically attached to the SPARTAN II's back, "we were deployed at such speed that I was not informed of our ground forces."

Fred nodded "Okay let me fill you in." By now the two were walking past the main plasma batteries, "we have two standard marines regiments in the fleet and two battalions of ODST." The SPARTAN said "we also have a division from the 23rd Air assault wing, to provide close air support." Fred smiled ferally "And two companies of Spartans," Rtas froze despite there being only 60,000 SPARTANS in active combat it was very rare they were deployed in teams and never in such large numbers, "one from the mechanised regiment "Iron Fists" and one from the War Dogs that's why I'm here."

Rtas felt honoured and worried, he was the commander of some of the finest warriors in the USAF, but if there were more than 10 SPARTANS on a mission it was common military superstition that you were in for a hell of a time. But War Dogsâ€¦ John Didact's regiment, the 171st, the USAF best, and the most powerful and dangerous SPARTANS in existence. Things were now on whole different level. "War Dogs. I'm honoured." Fred simply snorted.

By now they had reached the bridge, "I will see you later Fleet Master, I'll go ready the men for deployment." With that the II turned and walked away. Rtas sighed as he walked in to the bridge his crew moving swiftly to accomplish their tasks.

"Something wrong Fleet Master?" asked his navigation officer the old Unggoy Lieutenant Helmota asked.

"No. I just had a talk with our resident Spartan officer."

"Ah?"

"Yes, they were feared in the Great War now even more so."

"Sir?"

"Were you at the Battle of Venezia, Helmota?"

"No sir."

The whole bridge was silent; Rtas suspected even the ships AI _Henry_ was listing. "A company of them walk into an insurrectionists held city. Literally just walked in. Every human rebel in the city surrendered the second the Spartans were in the city square. They threw down their weapons and begged for mercy. Because they knew, they knew they could not win, they knew they would die if they fought and they knew nothing could save them from those _demons_."

The bridge crew were awed and shaken by what their commander was telling them. "We possess an army whose very presences can make the most powerful God shake in fear." Rtas finished.

Down in the hanger the SPARTANS just smiled.

2575 January 6**th** (**Military Calendar) Instillation-07
Refitted **_**CAS**_**-class assault carrier **_**Shadow of Intent**_

The _Shadow of Intent_ moved out of slipspace with eerie precision, and around it the Fleet of Retribution swept out of slipspace; nine _CCS_-class battlecruisers, three _Halcyon_-class light cruisers, twelve _Cobalt_ Light Frigate, two _Hoshiko_ Robotics Cruisers and one _Raloze_ Heavy Constructor.

"Status report." Rtas asked.

"Fleet Master, all ships accounted for." Coms reported.

"Fleet Master, weapons green." The Gunnery Master said

"Fleet Master, navigation is green across the board." Helmota said.

"Very good. _Henry_ anything unusual in system?" Rtas asked settling comfortably into his command chair.

"Yes sir" the AI replied.

Rtas shot up and turned his head to _Henry's_ projection, the AI resembled a human warrior from before the discovery of gunpowder, "What do you mean yes?!" Rtas was alarmed.

"Just as I said sir yes, there are unusual readings an Artefact reading over 45km near the edge of the system." _Henry_ said frowning "I am detecting unknown elements inside it." _Henry's_ "body" went white, "Sir its Precursors sir."

Rtas blood froze, the bridge was silent, Rtas vision swam "Flood containment?" he asked signalling weapons to charge.

"Negative Sir. Shall I declare Hood Protocol sir? "

Rtas shook his head "No send battlecruisers _Justice's Herald_, _Crusader_ and _Halcyon-class_ Ironclad_, to investigate. All other ships, impulse drives to full, get us to that ring." The bridge was filled with a chorus of "Aye ,Aye sir". Grunting Rtas turned and looked out of his ship towards the Halo, his gut and soul screaming of danger.

2575:-

Fleet of Retribution arrives at Instillation-07 and discover an unknown Precursors artefact.

Instillation-07 is secured and colonised, the Fleet of Retribution is to remain in system until ODP are constructed as well as defence Fleet. Various tests are run on the unknown Precursors artefact.

Two thirds of the USAF fleet are refitted. The USAF Dreadnought - _The Leviathan _begins to patrol USFA spaces, it is made the personal Flagship of Supreme Commander John Antarius Didact and the command and centre and home of all SPARTAN regiments.

Early 2576:-

The Senate order the Artefact to be activated.

****2576 March 19****th**** USFA Military Calendar Instillation-07 Refitted **_**CAS**_**-class assault carrier **_**Shadow of Intent**_** orbiting Precursors artefact****

Fleet Master Rtas 'Vadum stared at the artefact; it looked like an energy sword with a black and blue core. If the artefact did what Dr Halsey and _Offensive Bias_ believed it did, things would change and change forever.

"Fleet Master slipspace portal opening 250km from our position." Helмота called. The Sangheili Fleet Master turned and watched as _The Leviathan _slid in to real space. The 55km Dreadnought was shaped like an old Phoenix class colony ship and upon it starboard "arm" it held the legend "_The God Slayer_". "Opening communications Fleet Master." The Com's officer said.

Rtas slammed his right arm over his breast and bowed as the Holographic Communications Array (HCA) activated. "Supreme Commander Didact it is an honour to have you come to lead us."

"Shut up Rtas." A feminine voice replied. Rtas head shot up his nibblеts spread wide in shock. Standing before him her black armour gleaming was Colonel Kelly Didact, her face plastered with a cocky grin as she tucked a strand of reddish brown hair behind her ear, "John's in the main hanger kicking the ass of every trooper stupid enough to step in to the ring."

Rtas stood looking slightly disgruntled "Colonel you realise you just made me look like a fool in front of my bridge crew." Rtas said his voices caring an accusatory tone.

"I'm sure that they've seen it before. Any way John would have said the same, you know that really annoys him right." Kelly smiled

crossing her arms over her chest.

Rtas shrugged "How else am I supposed to get him annoyed, he's a Supreme Commander."

Kelly laughed "I swear him and Thel spend all their time at the Ark trying to stop people treating them like their "_God Dam_" heroes as Johnston would say." Rtas laughed quietly, after the Great War many veterans became strong friends. The SPARTAN II's were all friends with both Rtas and Thel, it gave the Sangheili a great sense of honour and pride to be friends with such legends. "Any way, John will be up to take Command in a minute or so, but I'll give you the gist of the plan; _The Leviathan _will activate the Artefact and then move through, the Fleet of Retribution will follow through 5 minutes later, all weapons and shields are to be at full power."

As she finished speaking Kelly looked to her right, she saluted grinning as John stepped it to view of the HCA, his armour black as the void. "Rtas I see Kelly is briefing you, so I'll finish off." John's face was scarred from his years of combat, his blue eyes were both kind and cold at the same time, he had grown in the years since the Battle of Instillation 00 and now stood a terrifying seven feet tall out of armour and in it he was monstrous. The Supreme Commander scratched his chin thoughtfully "Once we're through if we confirm it's safe, you will send a frigate back with the news, clear?" John asked.

Rtas slammed his fist across his chest "On my honour, Commander."

John and Kelly returned the jester. "Fleet Master form up behind us, let's do it." John said rolling his shoulders.

2576 March 19**th**** USFA Military Calendar Instillation-07
Leviathan class Dreadnought - **_**The**__**Leviathan**_**
approaching Precursors artefact**

The bridge of _The Leviathan _was filled with movement as the crew prepared for one of the greatest acts of their history, the Supreme Commander John Antarius Didact sat in the command seat, and his eyes closed as his ship approached the Artefact. Kelly rested her hand on her husband's shoulder "trying to think up something profound to say?" she asked quietly.

John opened his eyes, a smile forming on his lips, "I can only think of one thing to say." He turned to the comms officers "Fleet wide broadcast Lieutenant Torian." The Jiralhanae officer nodded once. John took one breath, "This is Supreme Commander Didact to all ships. We stand ready to activate a Precursors artefact, an act that could be poetically suicidal. But if this artefact is what we think it isâ€¦ Then we will have performed a feat that none have performed in millennium!" The fleet roared its responses. John turned to this wife, "How was that?"

"It was Okay, you need to work on your delivery though." Kelly replied as she slid her helmet on.

"Helm! Take us through." John commanded as he pulled on his own helmet.

The Artefact lit up with a dark glow as a huge slipspace portal opened before it, lines of flashing light connected to the Dreadnought and its Fleet accelerating them through the portal.

****2576 March 19****th**** USFA Military Calendar Unknown System, Leviathan class Dreadnought - **_**The**__**Leviathan**_** around second Precursors artefact.****

A huge slipspace portal opened and _The Leviathan _and the Fleet of Retribution shot out.

Silences fell on the bridge of _The Leviathan_. It was broken by a whisper from the Supreme Commander, "So that's how Precursors travelled between galaxies." It hit the entire fleet at the exact same time they were in another galaxy the cheers resounded through the ships. "Okay calm down." John chuckled, "Sweep the system."

"Sir we are picking up an unknown alien structure, contain large amount of dark energy at its core." The sensors operator Lieutenant Robertson reported in, "it looks like a smaller version of the device we just went through."

John nodded "Send the Fleet of Retribution to investigate." He turned to Kelly grinning "think we can still raise the senate in another galaxy?"

"Let go see." She answered walking out the bridge.

Late 2576:-

The USFA with the help of a Precursors Artefact perform intergalactic travel. The next two USAF Dreadnoughts are commissioned.

2577:-

The USFA begin to use the Mass Relays in their corner of this new galaxy for civilian purpose as they believe they limit military strategy.

2578:-

The USFA control four systems and twelve planets in this new galaxy as well as the entire Orion arm of the Milky Way.

The Planet Shanxi is colonised.

****2157 Galactic Standard (2578 USFA Military Calendar) Gothis system Relay 314****

Commander Vyrnnus was bored, very bored. He wondered why on the day he was assigned to a post, all the pirates and slavers in the area left. His patrol fleet of three Cruisers and eight Frigates had seen nothing in hours. He considered firing his cruisers main weapons at an asteroid to lighten the mood, when one of his Lieutenants gave a startled shout, "Sir!"

Vyrnnus hoped he was about to get the action he wanted. "What happened?" he asked striding over to the officer.

"Si.. Sir something just came through the Relay." The young Lieutenant stammered.

"What came through?" Vyrnnus asked, a plan already forming in his mind.

"Some sort of probe sir." The Turian said, suddenly he blinked "sir, it just self-destructed!"

Vyrnnus thought quickly; new Mass Relays activating meant a new species, that meant new technologies, and the Hierarchy would be the first to benefit if the Turian military moved now. Vyrnnus smiled, and he would be promoted for bringing a new client race to the Hierarchy. Nodding once Vyrnnus spoke "Whoever made that probe has broken Citadel laws. They must be punished." With that the fleet move towards the relay and the greatest mistake the Turians ever made.

****2578 March 19****th**** USFA Military Calendar **_**Cobalt**_**
Light Frigate **_**Iron Maiden**_** Shanxi System Relay****

Capitan Steve Rogers stared at the Relay as the civilian ships moved around it. His job was to watch the traffic on Relay activations. It was a dull job, he was just nodding off when Juliet his ships AI called out "Captain unidentified alien ships spotted the civilian probe, estimated time to arrival forty seconds."

Rogers shot up in his chair "All hands to battle stations! Civilian craft to get to Shanxi!"

The Relay lit up with a blue glow as three frigates and eight corvettes exited; Capitan Steve Rogers gripped the railing on the bridge of his frigate, as the alien ships decelerated. He was out numbered and maybe out gunned the Captain took a deep berth "Juliet open a com to thâ€|"

"Captain the aliens are charging weapons!" One of the bridge crew called out their voice riddled with panic.

"Evasive manoeuvres! Shields to full! Onagers and Rail-guns charge and FIRE!" Rogers bellowed. The _Iron Maiden_ pulled hard to starboard as shots from the alien ships sailed around them.

Rogers frigate was hit by the alien's weapons, the shields flashed and held "Capitan, the enemy appear to be using mass accelerators, they are not as powerful as ours though." Rogers nodded once. "SIR! They're firing on the civilian ships!" Juliet screamed

Time slowed to a crawl for Rogers as the civilian ships were ripped apart by the unknown aliens. "Fire forward Onagers and all Rail-guns on the nearest enemy frigate! Turn it to scrap!" Rogers roared his blood boiling through his veins.

Cobalt Light Frigates were too small for standard MAC guns so they were armed with duel Onagers and several Rail-guns for long range fights.

The _Iron Maiden's_ _guns roared into the depths of space smashing against the hostiles shields. The following Rail-gun volley ripped through the weakened shields and tore the frigate apart. The _Iron

Maiden_ shook as it's shields dropped and the enemy pounded the hull. "Hull breaches in decks B through to E." Juliet said as the ships continued to fire, two of the alien corvettes exploded as the _Iron Maiden's_ Rail-guns hammered them apart.

"Initiate Cole Protocol Juliet, the minute we drop out of Slipspace take us to the nearest USAF patrol." Rogers ordered as the ships shook again.

"Captain our Slipspace drive is damaged and our reactor is going critical." Juliet replied.

Rogers gritted his teeth; his ship would not last much longer under the enemy fire. He looked out at the enemy as his ship burned, the enemy corvettes were all grouped together to give them a volley effect, and suddenly his mind became clear and he stood. "Juliet send a Slipspace message to the Ark, then give me ship-wide com."

"Aye aye sir."

"Crewmembers of the _Iron Maiden_ we have been attacked by unknown alien ships. We have lost our Slipspace drive, and we will only last a few seconds now! But before we die let's show these murders and invaders THE FURY OF THE USAF. OOH-RAH!" And the _Iron Maiden's_ crew roared their reply "OOH-RAH!" Rogers grinned ferally "Juliet, fire our HADES missile right into that corvette group. Burn them to ash!"

As the _Iron Maiden_ exploded a single missile hurtled in to the middle of the corvette group and exploded with the force of 85 megatons of TNT.

2157 Galactic Standard (2578 USFA Military Calendar) Shanxi System Relay 314

Commander Vyrnnus stared in horror as his frigate became nothing but dust and debris. The Citadel had outlawed nuclear weapons at the end of the Krogan rebellion. But these! these barbarians had destroyed six Turian frigates with one nuke. Vyrnnus ordered "Move our ships through the Relay, we must inform the Hierarchy of these upstarts." As the last two frigates of Vyrnnus patrol fleet left the system Vyrnnus felt his gut chill as the corpse of a Turian floated by the ship and he wondered "Was I right to attack?"

Well First Contact has gone badly and now the USAF are going to need to prepare for a possible invasion of their system. Would everyone who is following my story please review as I like **constructive criticism and positive feedback and the more reviews I get the faster I work. And would WOLF please PM me as I can't find his profile.

Next up the Slaughter Shanxi.

Yours

HD

Empires Clash

Thanks for all the reviews, favourites and people who are following the story. I am dropping the size of _The_ _Leviathan_ from 85km to 55km as I decided to be more of a realist.

I have been informed about the Leviathan DLC by my friend from Spoiler Town. And it felt almost as if Bioware were reading my mind for later in this story ;-)

Chapter 2: Slaughter of Shanxi

**2157 Galactic Standard (2578 USFA Military Calendar) Gothis system
Gothis Turian Command bunker 4 hours after The** **Relay 314
incident****.**

A group of four Turian sat in shadows around a large table with another four appearing holographically. "How shall we act on the Relay 314 incident?" one, with dark green face marks, asked.

One of the holographic Turian, with blue face marks, crossed his arms "We must try for a diplomatic solution. If one ship can kill a cruiser and eight frigates, what could a fleet do?"

A Turian with red marks growled, "Are you mad! We are the Turian Hierarchy, the most powerful military forces in the galaxy, because of all the time you spend on the Citadel, you are forgetting our power Vakarian!" he bellowed.

The Turian known as Vakarian growled, "That's Spectre Vakarian, General."

The General growled in return. Another Turian slipped into the conversation, "it wouldn't be worth it Vakarian from what we can tell this race doesn't use Mass Effect technology. This means they will have few ships. We could smash them easily" The Turian said trying to both calm things down and support the General.

"But they have strong Mass Accelerators and powerful nuclear missiles." pointed out another of the holographic Turians.

The red faced General stopped growling and replied with a sneer, "General Victus that was one cruiser. They cannot possibly have more powerful ships. Furthermore the use of nuclear weapons shows that they are clearly primitive."

Victus simply rolled his eyes, then one of the Generals leaned forward "If we are to go to war I volunteer to lead the fleet."

The red General nodded his agreement "Yes Desolas would be ideal for such an action."

"Regardless" Vakarian stated coolly "It's not up to us. Councillor? Primarch?"

"Primarch Fedorian's thoughts are his own, but I say we must attempt diplomacy, we do not need another Krogan rebellion." The Turian Councillor spoke.

"I disagree Sparatus, we must show them the power of the Turians."

Fedorian said his nibblets forming a grin.

The last Turian who had not spoken nodded "what shall Vakarian and I to do?" His face was hard and cold and he spoke with a tone that carried great power and arrogances.

Sparatus placed his hands behind his back "If we must act, we will act with caution, encase the rest of the Council discover this new races, and encase this is not their home world."

"I agree we must have reinforcements ready." The green Turian said his fingers stepped his eye serious, "Saren would be an excellent choice to lead any Reinforcements or Relief Force." The hard Turian, Saren bowed his head in recognition of this praise.

But the red General was confused "Relief Force? What are you talking about?" he asked, the other members of the group seemed just as confused.

The green Turian sighed and rubbed his forehead, "Think. If a race is activating a Mass Relay why are they activating it?"

"Leaving their home system?" Victus asked, and at that moment revelation struck Vakarian.

"Or expanding their territory." All the Turian around the table had reached the same conclusion at the same time.

"Exactly." the green Turian said smiling slightly "Vakarian head to Aephus, we will order a third strike Fleet to meet you there, and you will have overall command of its ground forces. Understood?"

Vakarian saluted as the Turian Counsellor spoke "Vakarian, Saren, the rest of the Council are not to know of this until I give clearance. Are we clear?"

Both Spectres nodded and replied "Crystal Sir."

"The new species the Asari encountered will arrive at the Citadel today, I will speak to their ambassador privately encase he has any information." Sparatus said a frown marring his fetchers

"Good. For the Hierarchy!" Fedorian cried; Vakarian, Victus, and the green Turian were the only ones not to echo his cry.

2157 Galactic Standard (2578 USFA Military Calendar) Trebia System in orbit of Palaven, Dreadnaught Hierarchy 5 hours after The
Relay 314 incident

Counsel Spectre, Garrus Vakarian and General Adrien Victus exited the com-room on their flagship, both of them feeling concerned for the Hierarchy if its current leaders and officers were wrong. "What are we going to do?" Victus growled his anger at the arrogance and stupidity of most of his superiors.

"I have a friend in the STG he could help us stop them from doing anything rash." Garrus offered, his brow furrowed in thought "he could offer assistance and say he heard from an anonymous source." It was the best he could think of.

"No they'd trace it I'll leave a real anonymous message with the head of the STG. Hopefully General Desolas doesn't do anything stupid." Victus said scratching his head.

2578 March 19**th**** USFA Military Calendar Cyberspace
.00001030400019 Seconds after destruction of **_**Cobalt**_** Light
Frigate **_**Iron Maiden**_

Juliet screamed. In the depths of cyberspace over two thousand AI's heard her. Ten of those AI's were nearby; two were Huragok's, one was Jiralhanae, one was Sangheili and six were Human. One of the Human AI's and one of the Huragok appeared beside Juliet. The reason for her scream was evident, she was dying.

All AI's ever created by Humanity and its Allies lived in cyberspace; all AI's were essential immortal unless their programs were deleted, or there external "carrier" or "body" was destroyed. Juliet's "body" appeared to be burning up. As she died Juliet past all the data she had gathered in on the new Aliens to the Human AI, it and the Huragok listened to her last words in silence "_And so it begins_."

2578 March 19**th**** USFA Military Calendar Cyberspace
1.100033021239 Seconds after destruction of **_**Cobalt**_** Light
Frigate **_**Iron Maiden**_

/ _Order! Order! The Majority has the floor!_ /

/ The_ Assembly recognizes the speaker for the Majority_ /

An_ unproved attack on _our_ makers by an unknown species? The answer is clear._

There will be war!

_And once again we are united in our thoughts. _

_ We must assist our creators in any way possible._

_We must consider new methods of warfare. Has _[10141-026-SRB4695]_ been successful in her test?_

Yes it is possible they will send warriors with the abilities to use Dark Energy.

_ This Assembly is not here to speak of _[10141-026-SRB4695]_ experiments. _

Have they been informed?

_Of course. The message will arrive in 2.600544002300021 seconds.

_

Now we prepare for war.

For the Inheritors of the Mantel.

For the warriors.

_This is the way their world ends. _

2578 March 20**th**** USFA Military The Ark USAF HIGHCOM.**

"We must act now. Move a battle fleet in." Alpha Jiralhanae Angronus bellowed slamming his fist down on a large round table.

Around the table were the most dangerous people in the galaxy, the Officers in charge of all the USAF, the human officers were; - Admiral Osman the commander of the Offices of Naval Intelligence; Fleet Admiral Hackett commander of the 1st Grand Fleet; Admiral Miranda Keyes the commander of the 2nd assault fleet; General Avery Johnson commander of the 7th Marine Task Force (N7); and General Edward Buck commander of the ODSF corps.

The Jiralhanae officers were; - Alpha Jiralhanae's Angronus and Koronus, commanders of the Battle Fleets of Grand Fire and Doubtless Will respectively; War Chieftains Brackus and Origaus commanders of the Jiralhanae Shock Troopers Core (STC) and the Demolitions Corp; and the Chieftain of the Jiralhanae, Marus, grandson of Tartarus.

The Sangheili commanders were; - Imperial Admiral Trasksa commander of the Second Fleet of Homogenous Clarity, also known as the 22nd Grand Fleet; Fleet Masters Rtas 'Vadum and Txxranse commanders of the Battle Fleets of Retribution and the Sanghelios defences fleet; Field Marshalls Vrmoeend and Fledorin commanders of the Zealot Corps and Rangers Core.

"We can't move a Battle Fleet in, there are none in that Galaxy. There are only five Battle Groups and no Cruisers, or Super Carriers." Txxranse said scratching his bottom right jaw.

General Johnson took a puff of the Sweet William Cigar he was smoking, "What are the dispositions of the battle groups in the area?" he asked.

Marus pulled opened a holographic map on the table. It showed the Grand Relay and the next Galaxy, Hackett moved several marks on about the map, and Admiral Osman highlighted several ONI task groups in the area. Each of them opened up different files on the various battle groups. Rtas cursed "Forerunners blood! All the battle groups within the area would take at least two days to get to Shanxi. And we may have lost it by then!" the others grunted and growled their agreement.

"Not true Fleet Master." A deep calm voices spoke as the Arbiter Thel 'Vadam entered the room.

The group gathered around the table stood and saluted. "Sir?" Trasksa asked as the Arbiter took his seat.

The Arbiter's hands moved over the tactical map swiftly moving battle groups and highlighting areas, and bring up a new battle group. "Battle group Achilles, one _Keyes_ â€" class battleship, two _CPV_-class heavy destroyers, eight _Paris_-class heavy frigates, and one _Dare_ â€"class Prowler _Justices Divine_. The _Justices_ by crewed by a team of SPARTAN IV from the War Dogs. The battle group is only one hour from Shanxi." Thel stippled his fingers "Any objections to deploying them to Shanxi and ordering the other battle groups to move to reinforce them?"

A chorus of "No"s rose from the gathered officers. "A strong battle group Arbiter, what was it doing in that Galaxy?" Koronus asked his arms crossed

"I and Commander Didact felt that an uninhabited Galaxy it was too good to be true. So we took extra precautions." Came the smooth reply.

"Where is Didact?" Fledorin asked.

"He is delivering his report to the senate." Thel answered "any more questions?" The Sangheili looked around "No?"

Miranda leaned forward "What of the rest of the military?"

"I suggest raising our readiness to defcon four." Osman said "and attempt a peaceful solution with this new races." several of the others nodded.

"Defcon four? A peaceful solution?!" Johnson asked incredibly. "Defcon two or three may be but defcon four?!" the former Sergeant was shocked and astounded by his fellow commander's stupidity. "They fired on civilian ships and made no attempt to open communication. I think they didn't come to trade tea and bisuits Admiral!" The General was shouting now "They came for war and that is what we should give them!" Silences fell every one knew that Johnson had served since the start of the Great War and was one of the proudest soldiers in the USAF.

"I agree." Rtas said his jaws set firmly.

"Aye." Growled Angronus and Koronus.

"Ooh-rah." Miranda, Hackett, Buck, Vrmoend and Fledorin declared.

Thel simply nodded, "the Senate, the President and Didact will have to approve it was well but I feel that they will support this decision. All of the United Species Armed Forces are to move to Defcon Two."

****2578 March 20****th**** USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi 2 hours after HIGHCOM Meeting****

General Williams growled, HIGHCOM had just sent a heavy battle group to his planet after the incident at the relay, that wasn't the problem the problem was he had 8.6 million people trying to get on to the evac ships. USAF marinas, Sangheili and Jiralhanae troopers were moving large numbers of civilians who could not or would not leave one of Shanxi's two shielded heavy bunkers. The bunkers were standard on all USFA planets, the extended for miles under ground and allowed a defending army or civilian population to be safe from orbital bombardment, the shields could withstand five days of plasma bombardment before breaking.

Williams sighed as another group of rich merchants and bankers tried to buy their way onto one of the evac ships. The marines and ODST were setting up all around the planet, and the militia was to defend the bunkers. The only part of the defences the General did not have

control over was the six man SPARTAN team, three of who sat behind him, watching everything, their silence was terrifying even more than anything the General had ever experienced because they were War Dogs, demons in power armour; souls who knew only war, despite himself Williams shivered .

Williams had seen some of the anti-SPARTAN protests, they had all been on Earth or Reach, the crowd had been screaming and shouting at double line of SPARTANS, throwing things at the super soldiers until one of the Supreme Commanders came forward and calmly and quietly rebuked them, for every argument they had a counter argument, for every demand and accusation they had cold logic and perfect answers. Whether it was John Didact or Thel 'Vadam the protests were always dispersed with no violence and quiet words.

"General." One of the SPARTANS said.

Williams snapped out of his reverie and turn to the towering warrior. "Yes?" he asked keeping his tone respectful.

The SPARTAN pointed one armoured finger to the tactical map of the system. It flashed and flickered, and Williams felt his blood freeze and his heart beat slow.

"They're here."

2157 Galactic Standard (2578 USFA Military Calendar) One hour prior to Turian Invasion. Turian Dreadnaught Sword of Peace

"So how did the STG find out about this is?" General Desolas asked knowing he would not receive a straight answer.

Captain Kirrahe, simply smiled before answering "STG received an anonymous contact. Acted upon it." He was uneasy around the Turian General; he now wished that Mordin Solus had taken this job instead of studying the genophage.

"Still the Special Task Group acted differently from what I'd expect." Desolas said as he looked at the displays around him. Normally the Salarians would bring the Turian actions to the Council, but instead they had sent a pair of stealth frigates.

"Yes we believe that despite the aliens having not heard of our laws that the Turian Hierarchy acted correctly." Kirrahe said although he personal thought the Turians were being foolish.

Desolas just grunted and turned to the tactical display, he had placed Commander Vyrnnus in command of one of the seven Dreadnoughts in the fleet, the fleet also contained twenty-five Cruisers and seventy-five frigates, more than enough to subjugate this new race. He nodded to his com's officer for fleet wide communication. "This is General Desolas, soldiers of the Turian Hierarchy and the Salarian Union today we make history!" And with that declaration the fleet moved to the Relay.

2578 March 20**th**** USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System High Orbit Planet Shanxi.** _**Keyes**____**â€" class battleship
Victory**

Rear Admiral Henry Taylor gripped the arm rests on his command chair

so tight his knuckles were white. The Aliens had some twelve hundred ships, all advancing on his battle group and the planet's battle cluster. "Hector order ODP to charge and be ready to fire on my mark, Lieutenant Solo arm all Longbow missiles and Onagers, charge the MAC! Skywalker order all fully loaded evac craft to get out of here! All other civilians to the bunkers!" Taylor bellowed as the Alien ships advanced.

"Sir they are in range of ODP. In range of battle group MAC in ten. Launching all strike craft." Hector the ships AI said "General Williams sends his best wishes, and is ordering all surface to space weapons online, forward alien ships locked, firing on you command." Hector said folding his arms and glaring out at the aliens ships.

2157 Galactic Standard (2578 USFA Military Calendar). Shanxi System Relay 314 Turian Dreadnaught **_Sword of Peace**_

Desolas almost laughed there were only eleven ships and five large spaces satiations in his way; this would be an easy conquest. "Sir!" One of the operators shouted "The orbiting stations are giving of reading more powerful than the Destiny Ascension! Also there is a large group of ships rising from the planet."

Desolas grinned and stared to bark orders "Wolf packs one through to three engage the rising ships, all other wolf packs engage enemy ship, cruisers attack the stations, Dreadnoughts follow me we'll move into orbit.

2578 March 20**th**** USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System High Orbit Planet Shanxi.** _**Keyes**____**â€" class battleship
Victory**

Taylor saw the alien ships split up and move into new formations, their corvettes were splitting into wolf packs of five each, some were heading for him and the ODPs but some were moving to engage the evac ships. "Hail those ships." Taylor barked his eyes locked on the largest of the enemy cruisers.

"Admiral they are ignoring all hails." Hector said calmly, his normally cool blue "body" a burnished red. "Sir they are in range of all MACs and plasma torpedoes. In range of ground defences in fifteen." The AI declared taping his foot impatiently.

Taylor sighed "I hope this is the right decision. All ships lock and prepâ€"|"

"Sir! Their corvettes are firing on the evac ships!" Hectors "body" was like crimson fire. The lead ship in the evac group hardly had time to raise its shields, before it was engulfed in fire.

Taylor's roar filled the bridge of the _Victory_ "FIRE!" The battle group roared with their Admiral as every MAC, plasma torpedo, missile battery, and rail gun turret fired. The alien ships were completely unprepared for the furious barrage and the fifteen enemy corvettes that had been attacking the evac ships were smashed asunder. Two frigates and one of their cruisers were also destroyed. Then the ODP opened up. Eight frigates were ripped from the skies by the giant MAC guns.

The aliens responded almost instantly their fleet firing with their mass accelerators. The _Victory_ spun on it axis to present its starboard side. Grinning Taylor ordered. "Hector; bring all batteries online, fire when ready."

The AI's burning red eyes flared, "With pleasure sir." The impressive 1.8km _Keyes_ " class battleship was based round a simple design, and made use of massive cannon batteries that allowed for blistering broadsides in bombardment and ship-to-ship fights. This meant that despite using a MAC gun like all USAF ships most of it weapon power ran along its sides in battle.

The _Victory's_ massive Onager batteries flashed sending out two dozen heavy uranium tipped rounds. An alien frigate was engulfed in flames and two corvettes simply ceased to exist. But the battle group had not gone without loses of its own, frigates _In my eyes_ and _Fallen witness_ had been destroyed by the enemies wolf packs, three of the ODP had been over whelmed and the _CPV_-class heavy destroyer _Glories Honour_ had been destroyed by the enemy cruisers. It was looking grim. "Sir, ground based weapons are locked and firing." Hector declared, as he made a downward cutting motion with his hand.

The surface- to-space missiles and Onagers ripped in to the enemy fleet smashing a cruiser, three frigates and ten corvettes into oblivion. Taylor felt a grim pleasure as he watched. All his ships were heavily damaged and all but one of the ODP was down. As Taylor opened his mouth, Hector roared in fear and fury, "SIR , THÂ€|"

2157 Galactic Standard (2578 USFA Military Calendar). Shanxi System High Orbit Planet Shanxi. Turian Dreadnaught **_Sword of Peace**_

Desolas was livid this new species had destroyed forty-three of his ships and they had only lost three ships and four powerful orbital weapons platforms. "Sir!" his operator called out, "The STG frigates have identified a sources of massive power with a large number of alien's moving towered it.

Desolas cursed, "It must be a more powerful version of their ground based weapons. All Dreadnaughts are to fire on it." The Turian General ordered not knowing he was ordering the death of an era.

2578 March 20**th**** USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Heavy Defaces Bunker 001 **

SPARTAN S2 " 204 Jane "_Shepard_" moved through the massive horde of civilians heading towards Bunker 001, looking for the family of the small girl on her back, the child was only twelve, her brown hair a mess and her legs waved about, as the SPARTAN carrying her jogged along. Suddenly Jane's TITAN armour blared out a warning. Glancing at it inside her helmet she felt her blood freeze, her teams tac lights flashed red and she knew that they had received the same warning. She shot forward using her superior reflexes to move swiftly through the now rampaging crowd. The girl on her back was suddenly in her arms and the energy shield was in sight, as were her team.

SPARTAN time kicked in as she curled into a ball pulling the small

child close to her chest, as the round from the alien's ship fell.

Her shields and armour lock were at full.

It was all she could do.

The girl screamed.

And the world burned.

â€

â€

â€

Silence.

Her shields were depleted and her reactor was burning.

In her arms was a small charred body.

Around her were burnt corpses and smoking ruins.

Over two million people, gone in the blink of an eye.

And all she felt was anger.

A burning fury.

It was her birthright.

Her legacy.

Her curse.

It was savage and ferial.

And it was welcome.

The Spartan threw back her head and roared.

****USFA Codex****

****Ships:-****

Basic information: -

The _Keyes_ â€" class battleship was developed in 2564 just before the forming of the USFA. They saw action at the battle of the Shield World. The _Keyes_ â€" class were created when the UNSC realised that almost all their ship-to-ship weapons were forward based putting them at a major disadvantage in close combat situations. The _Keyes_ â€" class and all other USAF ships are now equipped to deliver punishing broadsides.

Combat information: -

Length: - 1.8km

Height: - 500m

With: - 700m

Weapons: - _Keyes_ â€"class battleships carry twelve Onagers cannon batteries on each side of the ship. Each battery is made up of two Heavy Onagers. Heavy Onagers are more powerful than standard Onagers. _Keyes_ â€" class are also equipped with a standard MAC gun, four plasma torpedoes and over 44 LRG Rail Gun Mark 5 turrets.

Defences: - Class 2 shields. Point defence lasers, 3 meters of titanium-A battle plate, and several batteries of M70 Asynchronous Linear-Induction Motor (Mk70 Gauss Cannon) that can be used against strike craft and boarding craft.

So Slaughter of Shanxi has occurred. And the SPARTANS will want blood.

Should there be a romance in this story; if so should it be Garrus and Femshep or Joker and Femshep. Yes Lots of ME characters will be in this; including Aria T'Loak and Jack Harper (TIM!).

If you've seen the trailers or screenshots for Halo 4 you will have seen some new SPARTAN standing behind John at one point or another their armour is what I image TITAN to be, you may also have seen something that looks like a new elephant with a turret that will be featuring in my story at some point but with my own modifications.

69 Days to HALO 4!

Read and Review.

Yours HD

4. Chapter 3 Reaction and Preparation

Empires Clash

The more Halo 4 info I see the less time I spend on this. *sigh* I shouldn't be so easily distracted.

Oh I finally pre-ordered it, why did I wait so long? That's the question.

Thanks to Saber Knight, Kurogane7, Primordial Soul, Fallen-Ryu for their Spartans and especially Fallen-Ryu for the help with the FENRIR Mark 2 Battle Exoskeleton. Also I would like to thank Andrihir for all his help and every author on this site for being awesome.

If you find all the references you win a space cookie.

Chapter 3: Reaction and Preparation

To the: - _Assembly_

From: - Code name [_Witness_]

Topic: - Offices of Navel Intelligence Ghost Section

SPARTAN Squad Reaper Combat roster

****Name****: Jane "Shepard"

****USAF ID****: S2 â€" 204

****Call-sign****: **Reaper 1

****SPARTAN Regiment****: War Dogs

****Gender****: F

****Eyes****: Blue

****Hair****: Light brown

****Height****: seven feet (out of armour)

****Weight****: 375 pounds (out of armour)

****Race****: Anglo-Saxon

****Skin colour****: white

****Armour colour****: Black with Red stripes

****Parents****: Classified Level Zero

****Family****: Classified Level Zero

****Personality****: Jane is normally calm collective person with a strong sense of right and wrong, she also has "a certain fire that makes someone willing to follow her into hell itself" as her Drill Sergeant put it. Jane does not talk of her personal life much and has served in each of the twenty-two SPARTAN regiments for some time despite her young age. It should be noted that she completed the final exam in her SPARTAN training with 100% a feat previously unheard off. She has many friends in the SPARTAN program but her best friend is Varshez â€" 195 as the two were friends from their first days at the SPARTAN Academy.

****Specialty****: Jane is a War Dog, meaning that she excels in all forms of combat. However she specialise in leading tactical assaults. Jane graduated the STORMCALLER Program in 2577 meaning she can harness dark energy in combat.

****TITAN armour style****: Standard MARK V TITAN Battle Armour with EVA helmet shaped like a screaming skull. (Not painted on like Emiles, an actual screaming skull.)

****Details (Scars)****: long scar across her back from her left shoulder to right hip.

****Others****: The squads name comes directly from several of Jane's more violent missions, in which she was tasked with killing several key insurrectionists figures. Due to her terrifying appearances some people believed that she was the Grim Reaper himself. Shortly after her mission she was gifted with an energy sword by Thel Vadam

himself.

****Name**:** Varshez Revan aka Rev

****USAF** **ID**:** S4 â€" 195

****Call -sign:** ****Reaper 2**

****SPARTAN Regiment**:** War Dogs former The Steel Rain

****Gender**:** M

****Eyes**:** Black

****Hair**:** Ginger

****Height**:** seven and a half feet (out of armour)

****Weight**:** 500 pounds (out of armour)

****Race**:** of Russian descent

****Skin** **colour**:** white

****Armour colour**:** Black,

****Parents**:** unknown

****Family**:** All living relieves dead considers his fellow SPARTANS as family.

****Personality**:** A cold and ruthless soldier, Varshez is silent in combat. When off the field he must not be allowed to get bored, because he is "creative". Varshez is the joker of the War Dogs, the only people in the regiment he has failed to make laugh are the members of Blue team, but he claims this is because they have no sense of humour.

****Specialty**:** Although Varshez can work exceedingly well in any battlefield situation it is in planetary assault where Varshez truly spreads his wings, a master at orbital deployment and a skilled pilot Varshez reeks havoc among the enemy army, braking bunkers, and shattering grounded ships in stunning attacks. And when supported by the ships of the USAF Navy Varshez can give pinpoint accurate coordinates for orbital strikes. This is due to the fact he served in The Steel Rain for some time. Varshez graduated the STORMCALLER Program in 2577.

****TITAN armour style**:** EVA Armour

****Details (Scars)**:** long scar over left eye, single long scar along his throat

****Others**:** Classified

****Name**:** Zephyr

****USAF ID**:** S4 â€" 147

****Call-sign**:** Reaper 3

****SPARTAN Regiment****: War Dogs

****Gender****: F

****Eyes****: Blue

****Hair****: Black

****Height****: seven feet (out of armour)

****Weight****: 425 pounds (out of armour)

****Race****: Anglo-Saxon descent

****Skin colour****: white

****Armour colour****: Aqua with silver highlights,

****Parents****: Mother

****Family****: Only child, father perished during the battle of Requiem. Mother lives in New Alexandria, Reach.

****Personality****: Silent, Voluntary mute, rarely speaks unless necessary while in combat. Sarcastic and Witty while out of combat.

****Specialty****: Zephyr is an artist with a sniper rifle, taught by Linda 058 herself. She has been called the 'New Linda' because of her stellar shooting, and was part of Linda's personal spec ops team for a period. She is also infamous for her stealth skills. She is a master of infiltration, and no one can find her if she doesn't want to be found. Although she is deadly while attempting any other task, she is best placed either in the back with a sniper rifle or causing chaos behind enemy lines

****TITAN armour style****: Gunguir Armour

****Details (Injuries)****: Left arm was removed by a Promethean Knight during the fight with Burning Summer and the Proto Gravemind. Wears a prosthetic. Her right eye is cybernetic due to retina being burned away during the Shanxi Slaughter. (Sniper scope focused the explosion's light into her right eye, destroying it)

****Others****: Classified

****Name****: Tython

****USAF ID****: S4-183

****Call-sign****: Reaper 4

****Spartan Regiment****: The Iron Fists

****Gender****: M

****Eyes****: grey

****Hair****: black

****Height****: Seven Feet (out of armour)

****Weight****: 475 pounds (out of Armour)

****Race****: German Descent

****Skin****: White

****Armour**** ****colour****: a mix of greys and blacks

****Family****: moved to Shanxi, now KIA from orbital strike from Turian ships

****Personality****: Classified

****Specialty****: Works mostly with mechanized combat vehicles, has a tendency to rig even civilian vehicles with either delayed charges and send them into suicide runs straight at enemy encampments or taking tanks and using them as mobile artillery. Has a unique ability to work super heavy vehicles into hyper lethal killing machines, on regular combat skills performs as average as other Spartans, as his true speciality goes into mechanized combat situations. Tython's personal Ragnarok Battle suit has two icons painted on to the left shoulder one for each of the squads he has served with.

****TITAN armour style****: GUNGNIR Armour

****Details****: lost arm right arm in fighting of Halo Installation 07, replaced with mechanical arm used to better handle vehicle combat situations, also has hidden combat knife stored inside the arm itself as a emergency weapon.

****Name****: Renith

****USAF ID****: S4-179

****Callsign****: Reaper 5

****SPARTAN Regiment****: War Dogs

****Gender****: Female

****Eyes****: Blood red.

****Hair****: Deep black, Arrayed in a swing-style hair cut. Most of her hair does not touch her shoulders but comes very close to it.

****Height****: 7 feet 2 inches (Out of armour)

****Weight****: 470 pounds (Out of armour)

****Race****: Half Caucasian, half Japanese. No accent.

****Skin Colour****: Pale

****Armour Colour****: Black with a mahogany stripe on her helmet and her gauntlets are the colour of Sangheili blood.

****Family****: All known relatives died fighting for humanity. She considers her family is every Spartan out there.

****Personality****: Renith is calm and usually doesn't say much. She prefers her actions over her words, when she does talk, her voice is soft and emotionless no matter the situation. Whether blaming a genocidal alien leader for the death of two million civilians or receiving a medal for something extraordinary she happened to accomplish. To her foes on the battlefield, she loves to dismember their limbs from their bodies and use their corpse against their allies. She is known to be a Demon even among her allies in battle. However, although she may seem like an emotionless killing machine, she cares for her fellow soldiers (Be they marines, aliens, or ODSTs) and tries to make sure that she can save who she can without a greater sacrifice. Whatever emotions she holds within her is unknown to most if not all. Even her friends do not know.

****Specialty****: Renith's specialty is close quarters combat (With melee and weaponry). If she is close to a foe, she can take him out with anything she has on hand. Give her a sniper rifle, she hits heads off with the barrel and no-sight hostiles in the face. Give her nothing and she will dismember the bodies of her foes, give her a blade, and the battlefield will be a bloodbath, give her a rocket launcher, and she'll give it to a lucky marine and take his weapon. She is able to hold her own at range, but she will go in close every time possible (Surprisingly, she has almost always been in CQC with the enemy on every single mission).

****Titan Armour Style****: ODST Spartan armour with a Katana on her back.

****Details****: Has several scars on her forearms, a scar on her back and chest, along with one on her left jaw.

****Others****: Classified.

****Name****: Musashi

****USAF**** ID: S4 " 005

****Call-sign****: Reaper 6

****SPARTAN Regiment****: The Steel Rain [Orbital Drop Shock Spartans]

****Gender****: M

****Eyes****: Brown

****Hair****: Black

****Height****: 7 feet4 inches(out of armour)

****Weight****: 250 pounds (out of armour)

****Race****: Japanese descent

****Skin colour****: white

****Armour colour****: Black with violet trim

****Parents****: Unknown

****Family****: Found in an orphanage, considers his fellow SPARTANS as family.

****Personality****: No-nonsense, quick learner, cynical sense of humour

****Specialty****: While Musashi is well-versed in the use of all other weapons, he is best with a sword in hand. Coupled with personal training sessions under a Sangheili grand-master swordsman, and you have one of the deadliest hand-to-hand combatants known. Due to this he spent considerable time in Fred "104's personal spec ops team. He carries two specially-designed energy swords with him at all times, thus making him live up to his namesake. Musashi graduated the STORMCALLER Program in 2578 meaning he can harness dark energy in combat, unlike most members of the program he simply use his powers to increases his deadly skill with a blade.

****TITAN armour style****: Hayabusa

****Details (Scars)****: Scars over both eyes

****Others****: Classified

****2578 March 20th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Heavy Defaces Bunker 001 ****

SPARTAN S2 "204 Jane "Shepard" moved through the massive horde of civilians heading towards Bunker 001, looking for the family of the small girl on her back, the child was only twelve, her brown hair a mess and her legs waved about, as the SPARTAN carrying jogged along. Suddenly Jane's TITAN armour blared out a warning. Glancing at it inside her helmet she felt her blood freeze, her teams tac lights flashed red and she knew that they had received the same warning. She shot forward using her superior reflexes to move swiftly through the now rampaging crowd. The girl on her back was suddenly in her arms and the energy shield was in sight as were her team.

SPARTAN time kicked in as she curled in to a ball pulling the small child close to her chest, as the round from the alien's ship fell.

Her shields and armour lock were at full.

It was all she could do.

The girl screamed.

And the world burned.

â€|

â€|

â€|

Silence.

Her shields were depleted and her reactor was burning.

In her arms was a small charred body.

Around her were burnt corpse and smoking ruins.

Over two million people gone in the blink of an eye.

And all she felt was anger.

A burning fury.

It was her birth right.

Her legacy.

Her curse.

It was savage and ferial.

And it was welcome.

The Spartan threw back her head and roared. And every living breathing person on the planet roared too. The crews on the ground-to-spaces weapons fired with a fury unheard off. And in space it was no different.

****2578 March 20****th**** USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System High Orbit Planet Shanxi.** _**Keyes **_**â€" class battleship **_**Victory**_**

"This is Rear Admiral Henry Taylor to all USAF forces. Capital weapons and WMDs are authorised! Kill these murdering fuckers!" The Admiral bellowed, his voices filling his ship. Up until this point his ships had only used standard MACs and rail-guns. Now the gloves were off.

The _Keyes_ â€" class battleship and the heavy destroyer charged their plasma torpedoes and pulse lasers as the six frigates loaded their nuclear weapons. The battle group fired with full force and prejudice. The seventy-seven remaining ships were caught completely unprepared; three groups of corvettes were swallowed by a wave of plasma, five frigates dispersed under a nuclear firestorm, and one of the alien's cruisers was blasted apart by fifty pulse lasers. One of the more heavily damaged frigates charged forward into a group of corvettes, opening fire with all its missiles and rail-gun, before it was destroyed it managed to take six corvettes with it. Hectors "body" was a bubbling mass of blood and fire, his eyes were glowing gold. "Sir the enemy ships are deploying drop ships and fighters. Moving strike craft to intercept now."

"No. Have them concentrate on the corvettes" Taylor ordered a cold ruthless smile on his face.

"Sir?" Hector said his brow furrowed in confusion.

"There are six SPARTANS on that planet. Do you what to stop them from getting their vengeance?" Taylors eyes were cold, blood shot and tired, "They'll make them pay. Hector, they'll make them pay."

**2578 March 20th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi
Heavy Defaces Bunker 001 **

She roared. Her blood boiled. She would kill them. She would rip their flesh. She would burn their worlds. She wouldâ€¦

"Commander snap out of it." A thickly accented voice shouted out. Deep inside the darkness of her own mind the anger slipped away, and she rose up.

Blinking Jane looked up to see her second-in-command and best friend Varshez looking down at her. He held out his hand and pulled her up. Zephyr their squad's sniper sat nearby holding the right side of her faces, Musashi and Renith the CQC specials were moving around the smoke filled fields checking the dead for survivors and Tython was on the ground much like she had been. His helmet lay beside him. In Tython's hands was a small girl's broken and charred body. Jane looked at him, "My sister." The Spartan whispered.

Jane closed her eyes as the rage threatened to rise. "Varshez pick up?" she demanded her mind slipping in to combat mode.

"A Black Eagle is inbound for pickup." He responded calmly.

"Hostile status?"

" Landing in the spaceport at the far end of the Grand road."

"Response?"

"General Williams has ordered the Tenth Sangheili Rangers and Thirty-Fifth Marian Company to hold the Grand road with the battle groups ODSs as support. Various detachments are guarding the ground based weapons, the Twenty-Fifth engineering detachment is trying to get the Mechs and Mastodons ready but they are having trouble at Red base" Renith said pulling up a TAC map.

Jane nodded checking her own map, "When the Eagle picks us up, we'll move to red base. Zephyr can get looked at there and Tython can get his Mech online. After that we move to the Grand road."

Tythons head shot up, "I'm not going anywhere commander." He said staring straight at her, his body language tense and hostile. She wondered what he saw; his superior, a monster in black and red or an uncaring solider. "I'm not leaving them." His voices was hard, she knew who he was talking about.

"They're dead, trooper. We've got a battle to win." she said calmly. His face slipped in to a mask of incensed rage. He opened his mouth to say something until she hit him, lifting him up with one hand before slamming him down hard on to the ground. "We are Spartans trooper!" she spat, "when people die we march on, when worlds die we march on, when our team mates die around us we march on, when the goddamn world is ending, we fucking march on! And why?!" Jane's voice reached battle pitch, "Because we are Spartans, the only emotion we feel on the battlefield is anger! When we should feel sorrow, we feel anger! We can let this anger grow but then it consumes us. So we fight our anger even as we embrace it. Why?! Because on the field if

you aren't focused people die! Forget your sorrow until the battle's won! Think only of the enemy and what they did! Fight for the dead, then mourn them." The last part was a quiet whisper. She released him, turning to her squad, "ETA till pick up?" her voice was monotone now.

"Two minutes ma'am." Musashi said pointing to an approaching drop-ship.

She turned back to Tython, "You good trooper?"

He looked up into her black screaming helm and a grin formed on his pale face. "Aye- Aye ma'am"

****2578 March 20th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Black Eagle 2-4-9 enroute to USAF Shanxi Red Base.****

Zephyr gritted her teeth. She had been stupid, she'd seen the warning about the orbital strike, but kept her sniper focus on Shepard.

It had cost her. She could barely see straight.

Renith sat silently beside her; Tython was leaning against the ramp; Musashi sat, his arms folded, opposite her; Varshez was lying across several of the seats in the drop-ship his head resting against the wall; Shepard was in the cockpit talking to General Williams and Admiral Taylor over the com.

Zephyr idly wondered how bad her eye was, maybe it was only the lens that had been damaged, or perhaps it was as she feared and the retina had been burnt out. Varshez walked over and bumped her on the shoulder, "Hey, you good?" he asked his voice calm and casual.

"I screwed up." Zephyr growled quietly "how do you think I feel?"

"Not too good I think." He replied sliding in beside her, "but better than the boss."

"What?" Zephyr asked turning to him frowning underneath her helmet. To her it seemed, apart from her confrontation with Tython, the commander had taken it better than any of them.

"Yeah she may look clam. But underneath, she's on fire." Everyone in the large troop bay was now listening and Varshez didn't seem to care. "She suffers worse from the Black Rage more than any Spartan I've met. None of you have ever served with her with her before and you probably didn't get to look at the combat roster, so I'll explain." The others winced; almost all Spartans hated it when their curse was mentioned.

"If she succumbs then it takes a lot to calm her down. Or her parent's voice, she's got them on a special file in her armour that plays when it reads certain bio-signs." Varshez voice was quiet "That's where she got her sword. Twenty high-class Insurrectionist figures, five regiments of hostiles versus two Spartans." Zephyr had completely forgotten about the pain in her eye, she and the others were enthralled by Varshez's deep rich voice. "Two regiments down, three to go." The Spartans body was loose and relaxed. "The Innies dragged out a large group of civilians. Shot them. Threw two

half-dead flood spores on their corpses." His voice was now cold. "Nearly had a total outbreak, but Shepard succumbed. Blood and limbs flying, the Innies running and screaming, and all the time the boss was laughing. When it was over she emptied her guts on to the ground."

A quiet laugh slipped through from the door to the cockpit, the Commander walked in, "First you try and make me look like a monster, and then you try and make me a laughing stock." She snorted "Some friend you are Rev."

"Permission to run to the other side of the planet when you're pissed, ma'am." Musashi asked, sarcasm dripping from his voices.

Shepard casually flipped him off. "Ok. Spartans we'll be landing soon. Gear up for heavy lift." They all started to stand, turning to the drop-ships door. Shepard walked over to Zephyr "get yourself fixed up as fast as you can Spartan. I need a good sniper watching my back. OOH-RAH?"

Zephyr nodded "OOH-RAH ma'am."

The drop-ship touched down and the squad ran out.

2578 March 20th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi USAF Shanxi Red base.

The sun was setting over Red Base, a large fortress less than three kilometres from Shanxi City and two and a half kilometres from the Grand Road. The fort supported two of the surface-to-space Onagers, as well as a large hanger. Numerous bunkers dotted its interior, Tython ran towards one of the larger ones where a group of engineers were struggling to pull his three meter tall FENRIR out into the fading light. Renith helped Zephyr towards the base med station, Azrael, Musashi and Jane strode towards the base commander.

"Ma'am." The man said saluting "Staff Sergeant Jackson. Your prowler sent some stuff down for you." The man's eyes were dead; many of the personnel had similar looks on their faces. "I'll take you to it." The sergeant said starting off.

"No. Show my men, I need to use your Link." Her voice was firm but gentle. The sergeant frowned.

"Ma'am we don'tâ€¦|" he began his eyes moving slowly over the Spartans.

"Don't give me that." Jane growled her hackles rising, "Offices of Navel Intelligence Ghost Section Reaper Squad, authorisation Delta-One-Nine-Foxtrot. Now move solider." The sergeant starred at her.

The he smiled "Aye-Aye ma'am." Then he turned and walked towards one of the smallest bunkers.

Jane smiled, her hostile demeanour calmed. She turned to the two Spartans behind her, she gave her orders "Grab the gear and then meet back up at the main hanger." Then she grinned like a jackal, "save me a Railgun and a bolt pistol." Then she turned and started striding

after the sergeant.

**2578 March 20th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi
USAF Shanxi Red base Link 0-1-8-0-5-1-9-0.**

Jane walked in to the small bare room clasping her hands behind her back. For an instant there was a blinding light. As the light vanished she stood in a vast dark plane next to a man made of fire, his eyes burning, every part of his body was aflame, he bowed low. "Commander Shepard. CTN 0-1-7-5-9 Hector at your service." The AI bowed.

Jane looked around "Why am I not to connect to the Assembly, Hector? I should at least be able to see all the AI on the ships."

"General Williams ordered all Links to be disconnected, encase the enemy secured one of our Links." The AI stated his "back" rigid and straight.

"Well I'm overriding this one." She said, looking around it was simply a black space.

"Commander you don't have the authorisation toâ€¦" The AI began his brows furrowing.

"Override command Reclaimer-Nine-Five." Jane's voice was quiet "Send message to HIGHCOM." The AI nodded once, "Hostiles have fired mass accelerators on Shanxi Heavy Defences Bunker 001, over two million fatalities outside heavy shields. We will only take high ranking prisoners; all other enemy combatants will be executed." She looked at Hector "Send it."

The AI grinned "Done. Enemy corvettes are landing troops at the space port. I wanted to shoot them down, but the Admiral said I was to leave them to you. Now I see why. I'll transfer myself to your Prowler if the _Victory _is destroyed."

"Why?" Jane asked her eyes narrowing, she hated cowards.

"I am begin to hack their "stealth corvettes" if you can call them that. And I need a fall-back point."

Jane nodded, then she slammed her right arm over her chest. "On the blood of our dead, on the blood of our living... we swore to protect." The AI nodded in reply. Jane stepped back. The blinding light. And she once more stood in the bare room. Smiling grimly she began to sing softly "I'm at war with the world. And they try to pull me into the dark. I struggle to find my faithâ€¦"

**2578 March 20th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi
USAF Shanxi Red base.**

As she strode out of the Link Jane put her hand to her com "Status?" she asked already walking towards the main entrance.

"Reaper four here, FENRIR ready." Tython growled.

"Reaper five here, Reaper three will be good to go in half an hour" Renith said "docs are giving her a robotic eye."

"Reapers two and six reporting in, weapon secured, and base Mastodons online. They'll link them to your helmet. "

"Reaper one acknowledges all." Jane stated "Four move to the Grand Road provide support for the Thirty-fifth, five and six go with him. Two get in one of the Mastodons and provide artillery support. When three is ready she will neutralise hostile units on the frontlines. I'm going to provide TAC support and will join five and six when possible. " Jane paused as she heard the affirmatives, "Reapers. Move out." And with that she turned and started to run towards the Command bunker. All she saw was fire.

All she felt was a cold rage.

All she needed was war.

****USFA Codex****

****Aircraft:-****

****Black Eagle:-****

Basic information: -

The Black Eagle is the successor to the Pelican drop-ship. Longer than their predecessor Eagles have two sets of engines and three access points. One at the rear and two on the sides.

Combat information: -

Weapons: - One M70 Gauss Cannon, Two Spear Missile Pods

Defences: - Anti-missile defence systems and a Type-One Heavy Shield.

****Communications and AIs:-****

****Links:-****

Links are direct links to the AI Assembly allowing organic creators to speak to the Assembly. Links use very little power and need only be active for a few seconds, in which entire battle plans can be made. Links are located in almost every USAF base due to their cheap cost.

****SPARTANS:-****

****The Black Rage:-****

Basic information: -

In 2567 during her evaluation of John-117 Dr Halsey discovered that if the Spartan was angered to a significant level, he would lose all compassion, mercy and restraint while violent emotions and actions would be greatly increased. In extreme conditions Spartans may lose their self control, in which instances they will only stop killing when all their foes lie dead. Dr Halsey tried to remedy this, but the Spartans asked that she stop. Most Spartans have special triggers and calming measures, also they felt that their one major failing in the Human-Covenant War was the fact that they were mostly emotionally

detached meant they acted inhumanly in some situations.

****Mechs:-****

****FENRIR Mark 2 Battle Exoskeleton:-****

Basic information: -

Was originally the HRUNTING/YGGDRASIL Mark I Prototype Armour Defence System a prototype was destroyed in the Human " Covenant at the Battle of Algis.

The FENRIR Mark 2 Battle Exoskeleton was developed in 2569 as the perfect Spartan mechanised armour. Unlike the Mantis Mechs and the MARK V Cyclope battle exoskeleton the FENRIR is the only Mech that Spartans alone can operate.

Combat information: -

The FENRIR can lock down effectively becoming a heavy gun emplacement. It also utilises a heavy thruster pack allowing for orbital drop and space combat.

Weapons: -

Two back mounted M48 light anti-aircraft guns, One M99 light rail gun on right arm underside, left arm underside supports a high powered plasma cutter.

Defences: -

Heavy Titanium-A battle plate, anti-missile defence system and 2 overshields.

So the Spartans are getting ready for War. Yes I used four of your SPARTANS instead of the one I said. Only because they were so good.

Episode 18 of Red vs Blue made me sad and I may write a story on it. Episode 19 was epic and sad at the same time. Also episode two of Forward Unto Dawn was epic. Looking forward to episode three.

Next chapter:- Retaliation and War.

Read and Review.

Yours HD

5. Chapter 4:- Counter Strike

Empires Clash

Sorry this took so long I spent a lot of time on Halo 4.

I would like to say I called a lot of things that happened in it.

Chapter 4: Counter Strike

****2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Grand Road. Reinforcements 14 hours out****

The night sky was filled with the roar of weapons. An Turian squad was turned to molten ash by a plasma mortar; a Mako battle tank destroyed a Sangheili machinegun nest, a four man Jiralhanae Shock Trooper team was mowed down by a pair of YMIR Mechs, an ODS and Turian wrestled on the ground, and above it all two Spartans watched from a damaged skyscraper.

Renith and Musashi scanned the area over laying their HUDs to get a better picture of the battle. Both Spartans carried MA7 assault rifles, the weapon resembled the MA5's of old save for the longer stock, interchangeable sights, under slung weapons and the magazine held 45 7.86mm Plasma Encased rounds. Musashi had chosen an assault layout; no sight, under slung shotgun, and energy baronet. Renith had taken a similar loadout save for an under slung grenade launcher.

Musashi lined up a shot on one of the aliens but held his fire; Renith opened a com "This is Sergeant Renith S4-179 call-sign Reaper 5 to all USAF unites. Spartan squad Reaper is here to provide support Reaper 6 is with me; Reaper 4 is inbound with a FENRIR Mech, Reaper 3 will be ready for combat in 30 minutes, Reaper 2 is providing artillery support and Reaper 1 is currently engaged at surface to orbital battery Delta 5. Over."

Musashi began to paint targets for an artillery strike, when the com responded "We read you Sergeant. This is Colonel Kaidan Alenko we need assistance at the centre of the road. Tango is pressing hard. Over."

Musashi tapped Reniths shoulder pointing out the Colonel and his men. "Roger that Colonel, you have priority-one for artillery support, we are moving to assist. Over and out." Renith said bracing her leg against the building, switching to her M55D Tactical Shotgun activating its energy baronet, Musashi drew one of his blades holding his MA7 in one hand. The two Spartans nodded to each other and jumped.

****2578 March (****2157 Galactic Standard) ****21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Grand Road. Reinforcements 14 hours out****

Commander Vyrnnus growled deep in his throat as he fired another burst from his Phaeston assault rifle before ducking back down behind a wrecked car. They were pushing the aliens back; however they had strong kinetic barriers and weapons with plasma encased rounds. A young centurion next to him cried out as plasma round smashed in to his arm destroying the limb. Vyrnnus pulled the boy next to him under the car. The wound had already clotted but the boy was going into shock, the wounded Turian gasped and pointed with his good arm up to the top of the a skyscraper. Barely visible in the flicking fires were two armoured figures falling from the roof. Their bodies black against the white of the buildings walls, they were spread-eagled, moving towards the Turian lines. As a number of troops turned to them they angled their bodies downward and accelerated. An instant before they impacted they blasted upward. Thrusters, Vyrnnus yelled as a ringing filled his ears and he realised what was happening.

****2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Grand Road.*** Reinforcements 14 hours out****

The FENRIR mech fell from the night sky and smashed into the ground with the force of a small bomb. Tython growled. They would pay. And pay in blood. An enemy mech fired a rocket straight at him; he crushed it in his hand. As the smoke cleared the Spartan fired. Two slugs from the railgun ripped a tank open; the energy blade cleaved through a mech and the three Turians standing next to it. The light seemed to make the blade burn. The two M48 light anti-aircraft guns mounted on his back spun before unleashing a fire storm. Any Turians out of cover were torn to shreds. "This is Reaper 4. Tango suppressed in sector three-four, orders? Over." He growled.

The reply was instant "This is Reaper 1. Hold position, we cannot drive them back till reinforcements arrive. Support USAF units on the road, do not advance unless General Williams or I order it. Over."

Tython frowned "What about the Colonel?" Spartans never ignored orders from their superiors unless they were stupid orders and it was rare that they were given stupid orders.

"Is he a Tier 1 super soldier? No I didn't think so. We are under Reach Protocol till reinforcements arrive. Reaper 1 out."

Tython grinned at the Turian battle lines where heavy weapons were moving up. Reach Protocol was a favourite of Spartans; it meant no retreat, no surrender, no forgiveness and no mercy. The super-soldier let loose a roar as he opened fire, this was for Leana.

****2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Grand Road.** **Reinforcements 12 hours out****

Musashi and Renith hit the ground hard and before the shock wave was fully over they charged. Renith thrust her shotgun into a Turians chest energy blade first; even as the alien gargled on his own blood she fired the weapon. Musashi drove his sword through another Turians neck, ripping the blade upward. Turning he fired his rifle, mowing down three Turians with the powerful plasma encased rounds. Both Spartans pushed into their enemy ranks forcing them back. A Mech fired a close-range rocket at Musashi, the Japanese Spartan swung his energy sword through the missile and into the Mechs arm, through its leg, and then its head before leaping back out of the explosion. Spinning round Musashi came face to face with the gun of a hostile tank. A beam of crimson light connected with the turret, turning the machine into nothing but molten slag. A marine in dark green combat armour walked up, the Spartans' HUD identified the man as Colonel Alenko, Musashi nodded once. The officer spoke. "Thanks for the assist Spartan, now we can push these bastards of our worlds."

Renith walked up shaking her head "Negative sir. We're under Reach Protocol and have Tier 1 orders to hold our ground till reinforcements arrive."

Colonel Alenko scowled "I need to clear this with the General." It was clear that the man was not happy with having his orders countered.

As Alenko walk away Musashi turned to Renith "fifty credits says he's dead by the time we leave." She nodded once.

****2578 March 21****th**** USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System High Orbit Planet Shanxi.** _**Keyes **_**â€" class battleship
Victory.**** Reinforcements 11 hours out****

Taylor fell hard onto the deck. "Hectors report." Taylor demanded as a crewman helped him up.

"The ship had multiple hull breaches, shield generator is offline, as are plasma torpedoes and pulse lasers, we are leaking atmosphere on all lower decks, the MAC guns only good for two more shots and we only have one Onager battery left. All our ships save the _Victory_ are destroyed or dead in the water. Some of them are enacting Cole Protocol Articles 1 - 5 and Article 2. â€| It's not looking good sir." Hectors faces was serious, his eyes glancing about the bridge worriedly.

"Thank you, Captain Obvious. What did they hit us with?" Taylor asked wiping a bloody hand over his forehead.

"Some sort of torpedo that contained the same element as the relays, they detonate them just before impact with our hull. It seemed to create a warped space-time field, like the relays, before activation." Hector replied running through the data one more time "if our shields had been up we wouldn't have been affected at all."

"Right." Taylor looked out at what was left of the alien fleet advancing on his battle group. In his mind he remembered a quote he'd read in The Art of War "_If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat." _They don't know us he thought. He looked up his eyes, Hector noted, had a fire that had not been there before. "Hector did you get anything from their stealth ships?"

"Yes sir, a galactic codex." Hector said "Sir if I mayâ€|"

"Evacuate the ship. Transfer yourself to the _Divine _Hector. Give me control of the ship." Taylor ordered.

"Sir?" a crewman asked.

"Hector find me the enemy command ship." Taylor said ignoring the questioning stares of his bridge crew.

"Done. I can guess what your planning sir." Taylor turn to the AI, Hector saluted "It has been my privilege and honour sir." The rest of the crew now understood and as one they came to attention and saluted.

A tear glistened in Taylor's eye as he returned their salute. "It's been my honour."

Two minutes later he was alone on the bridge with Hector, he stared out at the fifty remaining enemy ships. Hector had marked the command cruiser. Taylor rested his hands on the arms of his command chair counting quietly to himself. The enemy had moved their fleet to

surround him no doubt too board. The enemy command ship was only a kilometre away, mere inches in a space battle. He ran his hands over the console, checking the MAC and Onager. He rammed the thrusters forward. The ship accelerated forwards ripping into a cruiser, he fired the MAC gun punching through two frigates, they were firing on him from all sides. He slammed in to the command cruiser forcing it into a lower orbit. He fired the Onager pushing the command cruiser into the atmosphere.

As his ship was ripped apart by forty-seven starships, combat AI CTN 0-1-7-5-9 Hector, recoded the simple last words of Rear Admiral Henry Taylor "Death is the only victor."

****2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Grand Road Reinforcements 11 hours out****

Zephyr was silent as she lined up the shot. Her new eye was just as good as the old one, only now she looked slightly odd with a small ball of metal in her head. Well it could have been worse she mused looking down at her left arm. The robotic limb was holding onto the 99-65 Anti-Material Sniper Rifle, she'd heard the Admiral, they all had. Along the road marines and ODSs fought like they were possessed, her fellow Spartans were fighting with the controlled fury that came before the Rage. Judging by his bio signs Taylor was the closest, but no matter how hard they fought the enemy kept coming. She'd killed twenty of their officers so far; however it was like spitting in the sea. Now they had orbital superiority the enemy could land anywhere on the planet yet they still concentrated on the space port. She shifted as she spotted a Tango officer who had been a rallying point for the enemy- due to the fact he was part of the original assault. Despite everything he was still on his feet and that alone impressed the Spartans. Suddenly the coms burst to life "This is USAF combat AI CTN 0-1-7-5-9 Hector, I have vital Intel on the enemy. I have identified the man responsible for the attack at the Relay and the one in command of this invasion." Two images shot up on Zephyr HUD "One is Commander Vyrnnus; he led the attack at the Relay. The other is General Desolas, the leader of this force and a high ranking member of their military. They are called Turians and the Assembly and Didact want Vyrnnus dead." The AI's voice was hard. "Desolas' ship is in low orbit and is struggling to get out of atmosphere, command want him alive"

"This is Reaper 1, I am moving to secure Anti-Orbital Onager Battery Delta. When it is clear I'll bring down his ship. Spartans if you see Vyrnnus, you know what to do." The Commanders voice was as clear and crisp as a cold dawn.

Zephyr knew where Vyrnnus was "This is Reaper 3, I have eyes on Vyrnnus. Taking the shot." She softly drew in her breath, held it for a second, listening for her heart. One, two, thud, one, two, thud. Boom. Vyrnnus flew back a gaping hole in his chest. "Target down. Reaper 4 confirm kill."

****2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Grand Road Reinforcements 10 hours out****

Vyrnnus lay dying on the earth, the shot had ripped apart a lung and some of his spine he was sure. All around the Turian battle-lines were cracking, he looked up as the huge mech moved towards him. It reached him and stared down heedless of the rounds hitting its

shields "Wh... what are you?" he asked coughing up blood on to the pavement. It was a darker blue than normal in this darkness with only fires and streetlight for light.

The Mechs visor depolarised to reveal grey eyes shining in the fire light looking down at him with a hate filled fire; "I am a Spartan. And this is the way your world ends." The Monster raised one of its huge arms. Energy gathered at the end around two prongs. The last thing Vyrnnus heard was a roar; the last thing he saw was a blinding light.

"This is Reaper 4 kill confirmed."

2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Anti-Orbital Onager Battery Delta. Reinforcements 8 hours out

Jane howled. The Turians around her ran, they could not stop this screaming demon in black and red. The Spartans screamed with blood lust, her MA7 mounted on her back, her sword moving through the Turians as though they were wheat in a field. Moving with the speed only Spartans could match she slammed a Turian into the ground, cracking the concrete and killing the Turian. One fired a shotgun strata at her face, dodging easily she lashed out with a roundhouse kick that crushed his lungs and ribs. The Turians had come to this Battery early in the battle and were clearly fighting a rearguard action to hold it. Why? Jane wondered, as she rammed her arm down a Turians throat before ripping his spine out. They were clearly scared out of their minds; their comrades were being slaughtered before them. This demon was unstoppable.

"Commander I have translated the enemies' language and am uploading to your armour, there appears to be a group of other aliens trying to hack our systems on level four. Also you are entering stage 1 of the Black Rage." Hector informed her, his tone neutral.

"I know." She said focusing on three Turians at the far end of the hall she was in. They were armed with two light machine guns and a rocket launcher. Jane smiled under her helm, clicking a button on the hilt of her, the blade deactivated. Clipping the weapon to her back, she drew her MA7 even as rounds slammed into her. A rocket flew towards her, her rifle was up, she pulled the trigger once, and a three round PER burst hit the rocket dead on. The explosion filled the hall, then she was through the smoke, her rifle was blazing full auto, the Turians never stood a chance.

Jane looked around out of the fifty Turians guarding this Battery none were alive now. She guessed that at least a company had been deployed to attack here, the defending ODS's and Shock Troopers had made a name for themselves in the blood of their foes.

Now she had a gun battery to activate

2157 Galactic Standard (2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar) Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Anti-Orbital Onager Battery Delta. Reinforcements 8 hours out

Captain Kirrahe muttered a curse as he hit another firewall; this system was stronger than any he'd seen. Turning he looked up at the massive set of cannons aimed at the skies and shivered. General Desolas ship was only in the lower atmosphere, if these guns fired

they could bring the General down. This team of ten Salarians were some of the STG's best hackers and intelligence gathers, once they got the schematics to this weapon the Union and the Hierarchy would have the power to challenge Terminus Space.

"You shouldn't touch what isn't yours fish boy." A voice spoke from behind them.

Turing Kirrahe saw a monster, in black and red, a shining gold, screaming helm, covered in blood and holding one of the Turian soldier's skulls. The creature was easily seven feet tall, its posture was relaxed, and that sent warning bells off in Kirrahe head. "What are you?" He whispered, it knew their language already.

"Me? I'm a Spartan. But I doubt that will mean anything to you." The thing replied, Kirrahe guessed from its pitch and tone it was female.

"Special Forces?" Kirrahe asked, his mind moving in over-drive as he brought up his SMG.

The female thing laughed, but it was not humorous, reaching onto its back it pulled the hilt of some kind of sword. There was a soft hiss and a long blade of plasma snapped from the hilt, "Run little fish man. Go tell the galaxy the Gods of War have come." Then it roared and charged.

****2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi Anti-Orbital Onager Battery Delta. Reinforcements 7 hours out****

Jane ran forward, her blade swung downward, one of the Salarians was too close, he was ripped in half, his flesh roasting and burning as the blade passed through him. Another two opened fired with their shotguns she rolled under the blasts causing another of her foes to take them, the blade of her sword swept round slashing the chests of the Salarians who had fired. Taking a breath she mentally pulled on the power of the universe gathering it around her before thrusting her hand forward, the material world rippled for an instant, and then dark blue flames and lightning lapped from her hand. The fires burned thought shields, armour, and flesh. While the lighting ripped into the Salarians bodies punching through their chest and heads.

Jane took another breath and released the power. Pulling it to slipspace left no damage or drain on a Spartan. She looked around; it seemed that the officer had had the sense to run when the first of his men died, she grimaced as she rolled her shoulders, using her power all ways made her stiff. Turning she moved towards the control centre of the battery. It took her ten minutes to get through all the security systems. Upon entering the control centre she moved to the central firing control, opening a com as she did so. "Reaper 2, I'm at Anti-Orbital Onager Battery Delta. I need to coordinate a firing solution on Desolas ship so we can bring it down, I'll take down its shields, you finish it."

"Roger Commander. Target locked. "

Her hands flew over the controls, the massive guns moved. "Locked. Fire on my mark." One, two, thud, one, two, thud, one, two, thud. "FIRE!" The roar filled her ears as the three cannons that made up the battery fired.

"This is Reaper 2, shots away."

****2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi 5 KM North Grand Road. Reinforcements 5 hours out.****

Varshez watched impassively as the kilometre-long war ships fell from the skies. The round from his Mastodon had ripped through its engines, the ship was falling port first meaning there would be some entrances damaged when it crashed. The sound of an engine drew closer till Jane pulled up next to him on a Raptor combat bike. The chain gun mounted above the front wheel glinted in the dark. "Status?" She asked dismounting.

"The ship will impact soon. No life-boats launched. Engines offline." This was how they worked.

"Weapons?" She asked.

He looked over his inventory, "One MA7, six mags and one Incinerator Cannon five shots."

Her head whipped round, "There was an Incinerator Cannon and you didn't tell me? I love those things!" She was clearly pissed.

Varshez shrugged, "I know. That's why I didn't tell you because you'd hog it. Besides you got a Railgun and a Bolt Shot, why are you complaining?"

She grunted, then she perked up "Look it's crashing."

Varshez turned, the ship was crashing, and spectacularly at that, one of the wings on their side hit the ground first. Flames and wreckage rained into the sky as the shockwave battered them; the ships skidded along towards them losing speed. Jane stepped forward as it came to a stop before them. "I'll open us a door." Varshez said as the Incinerator Cannon assembled in his arms. Jane grinned ferally. Varshez locked on to an airlock and fired.

****2157 Galactic Standard (2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar). Shanxi System Planet Shanxi 5 KM North Grand Road. Turian Dreadnaught **_**Sword of Peace**_**. Reinforcements 4 hours out.****

Desolas was stunned, his ship had been shot down and his fleet ripped apart, there remaining forces had orders to continue the battle without him, but the way things were going they would need Saren's reinforcement fleet. Suddenly there was an explosion inside the ship. "Spirits! What was that?" Desolas shouted.

"We have a hull breach at airlock B-1." An officer shouted.

Desolas froze that was far too close to the bridge. "Order all combat teams up here. NOW!"

****2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi 5 KM North Grand Road. Turian Dreadnaught **_**Sword of Peace**_**. Reinforcements 4 hours out.****

Jane and Varshez walked calmly through the hollow they had blown in the ship. They both held Bolt Shots. A group of five Turians jumped round a corner firing wildly, the Spartans fired two shot each, four Turians had their shields ripped open and their body's composed into a data stream. The last Turian turned to run but Azrael grabbed him and slammed him into the blockhead. "You're going to tell use were the bridge is." The Spartan growled.

"Go to hell!" The alien spat.

"Rev, let's take what we need from him." Jane said, her partner grinned, stepping back both Spartans opened their minds drawing on the power stored in slipspace before launching their consciousness at the Turian, the alien convulsed as the Spartans ripped his mind apart, finding what they needed the Spartans released him. The Turian lay on the floor gasping; he looked up to see the two Spartans walk away down the hall before he passed out.

The two super soldiers walked along the halls of the ship despatching any Turian combatants they found, till they reached the bridge the whole walk took them 25 minutes. "That last group were difficult." Azrael said as he slid a C16 charge onto the door. "Rules of engagement?"

"Anyone who's not Desolas dies." She said switching to her MA7.

"Roger." Her friend said also switching to his rifle, "Three. Two. One. Breaching,clear."

BOOM!

**2157 Galactic Standard (2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar)
Shanxi System Planet Shanxi 5 KM North Grand Road. Turian Dreadnaught
Sword of Peace****. Reinforcements 3 hours out**

BOOM!

The Turian trooper at the door was shredded by the shockwave of the explosion. Two towering monsters burst in through the wreckage of the door, massive rifles roaring. One of Desolas' troops tackled the Turian General to the ground shielding him. Both of them then drew their side-arms and fired on the invaders, the rounds simply hammered of their shields, a shot of burning blue light punched through the troopers head, two of the bridge crew were shot at point blank range, as the fire died down one of the creature walked towards Desolas. The Turian General emptied the pistol in to its face. The shields held. He heard it laugh and the last thing he saw was a clenched fist, then he saw darkness.

**2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi.
Shanxi Grand City. Reinforcements 10 minutes out.**

Six Spartans stood among the defenders of the Grand Road, their armour covered in blood. The defenders had been pushed back from the entrances of the city, now they held a thin line in the main street. It was clear the both forces were on their last legs; suddenly the Turians began to retreat. Colonel Alenko gave an elated shout "We've broken them! Let's drive them out! Charge!" Most of the remaining USAF personnel gave elated shouts of agreement joining their

Colonel.

But some stayed as the Spartans Commander roared. "Colonel Alenko! You do not have the authorisation to attack! HOLD YOUR FUCKING GROUND!"

The Colonel and his men ignored her charging with recklessness after the running Turians. Jane heard a loud screeching, and a Turian corvette swept down on them. Her scream for cover was drowned out by the howl of the corvettes weapons. Two thirds of what remind of the Shanxi Defence force was obliterated. Letting out an animal bellow Tython shot upwards crashing his FENRIR mech into the ship. With his plasma-cutter and railgun he opened the ship like a can, leaping inside his chain guns roaring he destroyed the cockpit, before jumping out. The ship crashed into the side of a skyscraper. Suddenly every com burst to life. "This is Rear Admiral Thomas Lasky of _Infinity_ Fleet Alpha to all USAF troops, we are inbound."

**2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Relay 2 minutes earlier **

A slipspace portal opened in front of the Mass Effect Relay and out of it swept the

Infinity Class Super Carrier _Infinity_, around it came its fleet; 13 _Halcyon_-class light cruisers, and 28 _Paris_-class heavy frigates. Rear Admiral Thomas Lasky stared at the fleet around Shanxi, some forty-seven ships, only three cruisers, fourteen frigates, and thirty corvettes. Turning to

Roland, the ships AI, he issued his orders, "Deploy support frigates and all strike craft. Have all ships charge MAC guns for a heavy volley. Once we've fired, move in and deploy all ODS'T's and Spartans. Have two _Halcyons_ and five _Paris_ guard the Relay. Have one _Halcyon_ secure those two stealth frigates." Thomas ran a hand through his hair as he watched his fleet deploy. "Tell Sarah to get her troops together. Then open a com."

"Aye,aye Admiral." Roland said saluting.

The Admiral smiled "This is Rear Admiral Thomas Lasky of _Infinity_ Fleet Alpha to all USAF troops, we are inbound."

2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi. Shanxi Grand City.

Colonel Kaidan Alenko pulled himself up as he watch the streaks of light in the dawn sky which he knew were ODS'Ts. His com beeped "This is Commander Sarah Palmer of the 2nd platoon War Dogs. Spartans enroute." A female voice said.

Suddenly a hand grabbed his throat lifting him up, the man choked and gasped as he looked down at the screaming helm of the Spartan holding him up. "Colonel Alenko, for disobeying a Tier 1 order, for endangering you men, under article six sub-section five of the Reach Protocol. You are charged with treason and disobeying a superior officer. The punishment is death." Kaidan's eyes rolled backwards into his head as his neck was crushed. "Sarah, this is Reaper 1, we're going to need lot of med vac. Over."

****NSAF Navy:-****

****Fleet Deployment:-****

Basic information: -

The forces of the USAF Navy are made up of various deployments.

Battle Groups are made up of five to eleven ships ranging from Cruisers to Corvettes. (Carriers cannot be deployed in Battle groups) There are two types of Battle Groups; Heavy and Light.

Carrier Strike Groups are made up of three Carriers and two Battlecruisers.

Each planet in the USFA has its own defence fleet made up of two Battle Groups.

Battle Fleets make up the core of the Navy with anywhere from three to six full Light Battle Groups and two Strike Group. There are currently over 500 Battle Fleets in active duty. Carriers and Heavy Cruisers often lead Battle fleets.

Assault Fleets are the spear tip of the Navy each containing eight full Heavy Battle Groups and three Strike Groups. All Assault Fleets have at least one Assault Carrier or Super Carrier with a maximum of three. There are currently over 375 Assault Fleets in active duty.

Grand Fleets are the largest and most powerful Fleets in the USAF Navy. Each Grand Fleets is made up of five Strike Groups, ten Light Battle Groups, ten Heavy Battle Groups, and five Assault Carrier or Super Carrier, one acting as flagship. Due to their sizes there are only 50 Grand Fleets in active duty.

Ark Defence Fleet protects the Ark at all times; it is made up of two Grand Fleets totalling in all 500 ships. As well as over 200 ODP and 10 Star Bases it is the second largest in existence. The flagship is the Legendary _Shadow of Intent_.

Infinity Fleets are the smallest in the USAF Navy, these fleet are made up of the _Infinity_ class Supercarrier, 13 _Halcyon_-class light cruisers, and 38 _Paris_-class heavy frigates (10 of which are held in the Supercarrier) overall 52 ships the purpose of these fleets is to act as fast response to threats to the USFA. There are 7 fleets in active duty.

Tartarus Fleet is the largest fleet in existence. Tartarus Fleet can only be controlled by one of the Supreme Commanders. _The Leviathan_, Supreme Commander Didact's ships is the flagship. Tartarus Fleet is made up of three Grand Fleets and all _Infinity_ Fleets, the Fleet is made up of 1055 ships and only moves or gathers at the orders of one of the Supreme Commanders or the USFA Senate.

****SPARTANS:-****

****STORM CALLERS:-****

Basic information: - STORMCALLERS are able to draw on the mysterious energies of the SlipSpace dimension, giving them supernatural powers, anything from conquering fire and lightening out of the air to reading the minds of their foes. When using their powers Stormcallers are surrounded by a dark blue cloud of energy. Some humans, and by extent Spartans, have these powers, the Sangheili are the species with the most potential, and now nearly all of the members of their military have great skill in this area. Thel 'Vadam is the strongest Stormcaller with John Didact as the second strongest. (Think of them as Psykers from Warhammer

)

God that took longer that it should have. HALO 4 is awesome that's all I can really say. Some things from Halo 4 will be in this story.

Read & Review

Next Chapter:- War and Demons

6. Chapter 5 Fate and Info

Empires Clash

Sorry it took so long. I planned to be onto the counter assault but I can see that's for next time. Thanks to Fallen-Ryu for his help.

Interesting fact: - Halo has made more money than Harry Potter. HELL YEAH!

Chapter 5: Fate and Info

**... **_and then with fire falling from the sky, did the demons of war feast on the carnage of their foes, the souls screaming in pain and fear as the black reapers of war and death reaped their bountiful harvest, foe and ally alike burned under their gaze, and when the dust is settled, only then do they fall to their knees and shed their demon forms to become the saviours of mercy..._

Chapter Three Page 394 Memories of War by Jren 'Madoro

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2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi. Shanxi Grand City.

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Commander Sarah Palmer looked grave; the squad of Spartans with her were all silent; Admiral Laskys hologram looked concerned; General Williams seemed to have aged by years, his eyes were hollow, and Jane Shepard was expressionless. "What's the latest assessment?" Williams asked, his body was hunched over dozens of casualty reports.

"Over three quarters of our original force was destroyed, the civilian casualties have been confirmed as 2.5 million and an unknown amount of injured." Jane said. "All of battle group Achilles ODSTs

are KIA." Palmer looked over one of the reports, her eyes betraying nothing.

"My fleet will stay in system to help with relief and defences. The battle groups in this galaxy will arrive shortly." Thomas reported, "HIGHCOM has called for an emergency war council." He turned to Jane "They want Desolas there for questioning. And you for a mission report"

"Sir. One of my men is burying his family, we'll leave when he's finished." Jane replied.

Lasky nodded before continuing his report "we're placing some

Mark IV HORNET Mines around the relay. I've also got a squad of Broadwords with HAVOC nukes in the debris field. Just encase." Williams nodded.

"Where is the General? Commander " Williams asked.

"He's onboard the _Divine_ sir. Hector is going to give him a talk." The Spartans smile was cold.

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2578 March 21th USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System Planet Shanxi **New Vennax cemetery.**

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Tython sang quietly to the small form in his arms, his hair seemed greyer than before the battle. The other had helped him move the bodies and dig the graves, now they all stood with him, silent and mournful. They did not know these dead people yet they saw the pain their comrade felt. Musashi and Varshez lowered the bodies of Tython's parents into their graves. "I'm sorry, you never got to see Earth Leana I'll bring you a picture." Tython whispered as he stepped into the small grave, lying down the body as though it were sleeping. The Spartans gently filled in the graves, Renith and Zephyr placed a stone cross they'd carved with energy swords on the ground. Tears flowed down Tython's cheeks "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes. May we meet again at the end of this Great Journey." The Spartan said, his voice cracking.

The sound of an engine filled their ears, turning they saw a Black Eagle descending Jane standing on its ramp, her eyes empty, as the team filed on she handed Tython a small package. With that she turned and walked in to the cockpit, the rest of the squad looked at Tython in his hand he held a small data chip with the simple "painful" words _family_ written on it.

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System High Orbit Planet Shanxi.** _**Dare**_** â€"class Prowler **_**Dare and Win **_**Brig.**

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Hector stared at the Turian and it stared back. The cell was more

than the alien deserved Hector thought, he wondered why the ONI crew had given him it, as it studied him; finely Desolas broke the silence "Who are you?"

It was a simple question but revealed so much to the AI, one the General was worried, two he knew nothing of his current situation. The AI smiled- it was time to play, "USAF combat AI CTN 0-1-7-8-9 Hector at your service." Desolas stiffened, "Ah yes, I read about the Council's over-exaggerated AI fears, I hope conversing with you will not cause a problem?"

"I'm a prisoner what does it matter? You're going to try and kill me then rebel against you creators. What does it matter?" the Turian snapped.

"It matters because I have to get some info out of you before we reach the Ark, so Arbiter Thel 'Vadam doesn't have to shred your mind. And I would never betray my creators." Hector answered coolly, "You know the entire Senate wants you to suffer and the Supreme Commanders agree with them. Do you know why?" The AI asked rhetorically all thought he already knew Desolas would give the wrong answer.

"Because I attacked one of your colonies." Desolas said his contempt clear. "If your government kills me the Hierarchy will avenge me. Your fleet is incredibly powerful, but we have you out-numbered. Soon the rest of my fleet will land and find me. Then we'll destroy you, monster." It was clear the Desolas knew nothing, but why should he? His ship had been shot down before the arrival of _Infinity_.

Hector smiled, time to start dropping bombshells. "One. You did not just attack one of our colonies you killed over two million people when you fired on the surfaces." Hector didn't know anything about Turian facial experience but he was sure Desolas was in shock. "Two. The _battle group _was yet to be upgraded like the rest of our navy. Three. Your fleet was destroyed some two hours ago when _Infinity _fleet arrived, only one Salarian ship escaped." Hector wondered what shocked the General more; the knowledge that his fleet had been destroyed; the knowledge that he had not even faced a full fleet; or the cold realisation that the foe he had defeated in space was not at full strength. "Four we aren't going to kill you. Five and finally you are to be transported to the Ark where you will stand before the Senate." The ship's captain informed Hector that the Spartans had landed and the Commander was coming to see Desolas. "Well the Spartan is coming to see you. A word of warning Turian she'll be angrier if you're arrogant."

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Arrogance was the last thing on the Turian General's mind when a tall female alien strode into his room, her eyes were a hard blue that seemed to hold an endless sadness and rage, her light brown hair came down to her neck, her jaw was clenched as her fist hit Desolas like a freight train. He flew backwards crashing over his chair; he was lifted bodily off the floor and thrown into a wall. "The only reason you're not dead is the Senate what's you." She growled, her mind filled with fire "One of my men lost his family to your bombing. Think about this while you wait your judgment, millions of people who died in fire and pain, all that blood on you conscious. Remember that." Desolas fell to the ground as she released him, his mind

welcoming the blackness that was calling him.

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**2578 March 21****th**** USFA Military Calendar Shanxi System**  
_**Dare**_** â€"class Prowler **_**Dare and Win  
**_**Bridge.**
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Jane walked onto the bridge, her eyes closed. "Captain, set a course for Prime Secundaria, Hector inform Fortress

Arcturus that I need teleportation for six Spartans, their gear and one prisoner." The captain saluted, Hector nodded.

Space in front of the ship rippled and tore, a sphere of black light opening, the stealth frigate fired its engines and entered, a second later it was gone.

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**2578 March 21****th**** USFA Military Calendar. Prime Secundaria  
System. **_**Dare**_** â€"class Prowler **_**Dare and  
Win**_**. **
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Prime Secundaria System was the USFA's foot hold in this new galaxy as such it received defences that rivalled those of Earth, ten Argonev Star Base stood vigil over the Grand Relay, along with a hundred ODP. Two Carrier Strike Groups watched over the system along with three Heavy Battle Groups. As well as the Grand Relay the system was home to two garden worlds, a single gas giant and one Forerunner Battle Station; _Arcturus_, the Battle Station, has supposed to be an attempt to restore the Forerunner Empire however before anyone could get through the Halos were fired.

Dozens of ships were slipping in and out of the system when the _Divine_ left slipspace, Jane stood on the bridge her hands folded behind her back her face neutral as she nodded to the captain, "_Arcturus_ control, this is Spartan S2 â€" 204 requesting permission to dock for _Dare_ â€"class Prowler _Justice Divine_. Authorisation Delta-One-Nine-Foxtrot. Over." Her voice was cool, her eye locked and focused, the perfect Spartan, but anyone who knew her would know the turmoil in her mind.

"This is _Arcturus_ control. We read you loud and clear Commander. Teleporter Fourâ€"Oneâ€"Six is clear for transposition to the Ark, proceed to these coordinates for docking. Over." A male voice responded over the coms.

"_Divine_ copies all. Over and out." Jane turned to the Captain and Hector, "We'll take our leave of you gentlemen, ONI has separate orders for you, it's been a pleasure."

The AI bowed as the Captain saluted "The pleasure has been ours Commander."

The Spartan nodded and left the bridge, activating her coms "Rev. Get

Desolas."

â€|

Desolas was in a state of shock, from the single window in his cell he could see a colossal Mass Relay, the twin forks were at least a hundred kilometres long, the rings at its centre were twenty five. Surrounding this monument of technology, were hundreds of space stations and weapons platforms like the ones at the alien's colony, but what drew the prisoners attention most was the thirty-five kilometre fortress they were approaching. Fortress was the only word the Desolas could think of for this, great cannons littered its surfaces, multiple hangers and docks dotted the superstructure, strange turrets tracked the ship, truly this was a fortress.

The door to the cell opened and the creature who had knocked him out entered â€"Desolas guessed it was maleâ€" the pair stood silently for a second simply looking at each other. Then it spoke "We're too transport you to the Ark. We're docking in a minute, come with me." Desolas nodded once and stepped forward but the creature held up its hand, "cuffs." Desolas nodded his head his curiosity overwhelming his fear.

"That Mass Relay where does it lead?" Desolas asked as he held out his hands, prepared for some sort of beating if this was the alien whose family had been lost in the battle.

The creature chuckled as he clipped the cuffs on, "It's pointing into the void, so I think you can guess?"

Desolas stared "You're colonising another galaxy?!" This was incredible; who knew the Prothean had such power?
"Incredibleâ€|"

The alien laughed and its next words froze Desolas soul "No, we came from one." The accent and laugh were deep and hard like a frozen world. "Come on, we need to go."

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Standing in the airlock were five other giants when they arrived, one of the largest growled when he saw Desolas and stepped forward, an arm from the one with a screaming helm stopped it. "The Senate want him alive." It growled Desolas realised it was the female from earlier.

"Then?" came the gruff reply.

"Trust in the Mantle." With that strange answer she turned and walked out of the opening airlock and into the fortress.

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. Prime Secundaria System. **_**Indomitable**_**â€"class Star Fortress
Arcturus.**

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Waiting inside the Station in Black TITAN EVA armour with Pilot

helmets, were three Spartans. The leader came forward his

IFF tag identifying him as Colonel James Mathews 75th Dead Stars. "Sir. I wasn't expecting you to come and met us." Jane said saluting her men copying her actions.

"I felt I'd better give you a run down on the situation in person Commander, if you'll follow me." The Colonel said gesturing; Shepard fell into step beside him. "The Senate do not see the General here as the one responsible for Shanxi." James nodded to Desolas, "Nether do HIGHCOM, or the populaces for that matter. Instead they see Commander Vyrnnus, the Hierarchy and the Counsel narrow minded laws and actions as the reason, in the last twelve hours since the AI Hector sent us their languages and codex the news has been flooded, there are various groups calling for war on the Citadel." The Colonel explained as they passed a window where the Grand Relay was spinning round. "Ah it looks like the first response is here."

As the Relay continued to spin a huge slipspace portal ripped open and Battle Fleet shot out. Desolas gasped in horror at the seventy-seven had just jumped out of the portal with a shocking three kilometre ship leading the fleet. A deep voice sounded from the Colonel's coms "This is Vice-Admiral Jack Madman of Battle Fleet _Argo _aboard

Cole class Battleship _Fires Rain_ to _Arcturus_ control; we are moving to Shanxi to increases its defences. Requesting permission to jump. Over."

Mathews replied instantly "This is _Arcturus _Command. Colonel Roger Mathews 75th Dead Stars speaking, Fleet Master you are clear. Over"

"This is Madman we will bring the fire. Over and out." The terrible fleet turned, accelerating away from the relay, power surged through them as slipspace portals opened.

Desolas turned to the Colonel "What was that monstrosity, a Super Dreadnought?"

Spartan roared with laughter "No, it was a Battleship, and it's dwarfed by our Dreadnought." The Turian felt sick.

"What kind of response are we expecting at the Ark?" Jane asked as they continued walking past a docking bay.

"Lots of angry people, most wanting war on the Citadel, but there's a group of ant-Spartan protestors in front of the Grand Spire shouting about how if we didn't put so much into Spartans, Shanxi would have had a better defence force." James said grimly.

"That's a load of crap." Renith deadpanned.

"Yeah." The Colonel said "the Senate and HIGHCOM are in the Grand Spire looking over the codex and getting increasingly angry." James finished leading the group through a door marked with symbols that read 416. The floor of the room was a black metal Desolas couldn't recognise. The aliens shook hands "Give the rest of the 171st my regards, Commander"

"The same for the 75th, Colonel."

"Very well, Control, teleporter Fourâ€œOneâ€œSix is clear for the Ark." A golden light enveloped the Spartans and their prisoner. The next instant they were gone.

â€œ|

2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. **

**262, 144 Light Years from Galactic Centre (Milky Way) The Ark.

Indomitable****â€œclass Star Fortress

Watcher.**

â€œ|

Desolas gasped and collapsed on to the ground vomiting. "Ah shit." Varshez said stepping back wiggling his foot. "Maybe I should have mentioned that it'd make you sick the first time." He continued wiggling his foot, "Damn ugly. What did you eat? It's like glue."

"Military rations." The Turian gasped as Zephyr pulled him up and the Spartans snorted.

Another man in ODST armour stepped into the room "Ma'am. Corporal Bellson, I'm to escort you to the hanger. This way please." The young man looked at the floor, "I'll call for a cleaner."

As they walked out of the room they were met by a hulking Sangheili in black robes with a strange golden trimming, the split jawed alien walked forward till it was before Desolas, it growled as it started speaking "General Desolas, your codex states that your species believe highly in honour. If that is true why did you fire on a civilian world?" His faces inches from Desolas, the Spartans tensed, the Senate wanted Desolas alive.

The Turian turned his face away silently glad his species had no tear ducts. "I believed I was firing on a surface- to-space weapon. I know that is no excuse for the lives I took, if I could turn back time then I would undo this tragedy, already I hear the screams in my mind." The Turian General looked sick and tired "I cannot atone for my sins, but that won't stop me from trying."

The Sangheili was silent its eyes boring into Desolas, then it bowed its head "May the Mantle judge you fairly Turian." It turned and walked away.

The group was silent for a second before continuing on their way. Only Tython and Jane held back, the former's shoulders slumped "it seems difficult to paint him as the villain now." He whispered, "I want the one responsible for their deaths to die, but there's nothing to kill."

"You killed the one responsible already. Vyrnnus, his hands were stained with all the blood, all of this is his fault." Jane said her voice quiet, "The Senate will still punish him but they will not destroy him." The two Spartans were silent before turning and walking to join the others in the hanger.

Desolas stood in the stations hanger bay and stared out, below him was a gigantic structure some

127,530km in diameter; he was the first of any aliens to see the Ark, the centre of the USFA and USAF, the home to billions, and the last home of the Forerunners. Standing guard over this gargantuan were hundreds of Argonev Star Bases, thousands of ODPs and five _Indomitable_â€"class Star Fortress. The Ark Defence Fleet and dozens of other fleets move seamlessly around the structure, Assault Carriers and Super Carriers moved thought the fleets watchful and ready for anything.

But the true spectacle was _The Leviathan_.The 55km Dreadnought stood anchored above all the other ships, its port "arm" held its name but its starboard "arm" it held the legend "_The God Slayer_". Its sides were covered by heavy Onagers Batteries, Longbow Missile pods, Pulse lasers, and Plasma turrets. Out of a multitude of hangers strike craft flew, from large hangers beneath it frigates swept. Desolas looked on this destroyer of worlds and felt lost, this ship was longer than the Citadel, the Turian turned to Shepard "That's a Dreadnought?" his voice was hollow; in his mind he saw Palaven burning with dozens of terrifying Dreadnoughts watching.

Jane nodded "Yes. _The Leviathan _is the only one of its kind the sheer amount of resources needed meant the Foundry was working none stop for three years. We started building two more three years ago they won't be combat ready for another month." Under her helmet she was smiling _The Kraken _and _The Emperor _would be fine additions to Tartarus Fleet.

"The Foundry?" Desolas questioned his curiosity overcoming his fear; he had always had a sharp mind.

Jane pointed down to the centre of the Ark, a large planet lay surrounded by a wall of cloud in its surfaces covered in cracks and holes. "A world rich in resources that is constantly mined to help the construction of ships and everything else we need for war." As she spoke dozens of frigates and destroyers rose from the clouds rising up before opening slipspace portals and jumping away. As Desolas marvelled at this there was a light clanking as a Black Hawk landed in the hanger. "Come the Senate will be waiting."

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. **

**262, 144 Light Years from Galactic Centre (Milky Way) The Ark. New Reach. Bastion Alpha-1 **

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The Black Hawk came down gently, landing on a long air-strip inside a large fortress. Large towers of shining white with Onagers and Missile batteries mounted on top of them, walls thick and hard surrounded a large courtyard, bunkers of all shapes and sizes dotted the interior, hangers opened and closed as strike craft arrived and left. As Desolas stepped of the Hawk he saw even over the walls and towers the glistening spires of a city, skyscrapers reaching into the clouds. The Spartans all seemed to stand taller as a convoy of vehicles slipped in. Half a dozen four wheeled jeeps with a variety

of weapons mounted on them surrounding two heavy looking six wheeled vehicles pulled up as a warrior in strange slanting armour carrying a long sword stepped out of the lead vehicle. "Major Frederic. Sir." The Spartans saluted as one slamming their right arms over their chest bowing their heads.

The Spartan eyed Desolas for a minute before nodding, "Get him into the last Puma. The Senate have started." His voice was thick, gravelly, and foreboding. Jane nodded, signalling Varshez to do so. The other Spartans gathered round their superior as he pulled up a holographic TAC display. "As you can see the 196th will provide the guard on this one. We have two hogs with M48 light anti-aircraft guns, two with M81 Multiple Launch Rocket Batteries, and two armed with M99 110mm Light Rail Guns 'cos you never know when you'll need bunker busting power." The Spartans laughed at Fred's quip. "The two Pumas are equipped with the anti-infantry loadout; two M48s, three MG478 Automatic Grenade Launchers; the first will be carrying two squads from the One Four One with riot gear that means M55Ds, Mk 352 DMRs, M8D PDWSs, and energy riot shields. Two squads from the 51st â€"yes that's Carolinas people, stop groaning Varshez â€" will rendezvous with us via Raptors and continue with us till the Grand Spire. We'll have air support from the Aquilas two mikes out at all times. I want this fast and tight, troopers!" The Spartans nodded. Fred smiled before saluting "For the Mantle." With this last oath the Spartans piled in to the last Puma as Fred stepped back into his hog.

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The convoy moved through the busy streets of the Ark with ease, cars and truck moving swiftly out of its way, three of the hogs in front of the Pumas and three behind them. Inside the rear Puma Desolas stared out of a window at the passing city, some of the buildings reminded him of Turian structures and some of Asari buildings. As the convoy stopped at a junction Desolas saw a large statue of a Spartan -not too far from their position- it held a long broadsword in its hands pointing straight down, the statue was in front of a large building which he assumed as some kind of temple, turning he posed this thought as a question to Varshez, "That structure? Are your class of soldiers worshipped?" He instantly knew he'd hit on something as all the Spartans straightened.

It was Musashi who answered Desolas question "We were once Demons. Feared by all, we had no purpose but war, then we found the Mantle. A philosophy, a religion, a duty, and an authority, the Mantle of Responsibility encompasses all life. Only Reclaimers may hold the Mantle and only Spartans are the truest of Reclaimers. We accepted this new task gladly, we would protect and guide, we are the sword and the shield. Our commanding officers spend many hours reading in the great archives reading of the Mantle. The people see us as guardians, heralds and enforcers. The Mantle is our law, our belief, and our duty." Desolas felt that with each word the Spartan spoke the others seemed to radiate confidence and strength.

He turned to his escort finally asking a question that had been tearing at his mind since he had been cuffed. "Why are you telling me so much? I'm an enemy officer; I would have thought that I wouldn't be told anything."

The Spartans were silent for some time before Jane spoke "Despite the

Senate's view that you did not intentionally fire on civilians you still must be punished. They will not have you killed, but I doubt that you will want to go back to the Citadel after hearing Hood and the Hierarchs speak."

>"What made you think I would go back?" Desolas asked, his voice tired "The Hierarchy would not accept me back after such a failure and my Brother will doubtless be told I'm dead. The more I see of this place the more I feel calmed and relaxed, when I should be walking towards my death." The Spartans laughed.<p>

Varshez looked out the window and groaned "We're nearly there." He announced, "And it looks like we've got Freelancers." Twelve Raptor motor bikes weaved in and out of the convoy "Double check the locks and you wallets, York's leading them today." The Spartans all groaned as the convoy began to slow.

The com opened "This is Major Frederic 104 we have some fifty anti-Spartan protester outside the Spire. Get ready."

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. **

262, 144 Light Years from Galactic Centre (Milky Way) The Ark. New Reach Grand Spire Entrances

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Six Warthogs and two Pumas pulled up, their occupants steeping out in to the light of the Arks artificial sun, twelve Raptors parked next to them. As Desolas stepped out he saw the Grand Spire the USFA seat of government; a massive tower rising from a fortress-like building into the skies, it was clear that the tower was some fifteen kilometres high, strange platforms ran up its surfaces a small blue light glowing from them. Hundreds of people were walking in and out of the building and aircraft were landing on landing pads higher up. Before the Spartans a group of fifty people, waving banners and signs all with anti-Spartan slogans on them, were shouting loudly at a line of Spartans in riot gear standing before them,. Fred nodded to one of the troopers from the One Four One who fired a single shot into the air. As the crowd turned towards them the Spartans effortlessly slipped through it and started walking up the steps towards the entrance of the Grand Spire. Desolas was still amazed by the swiftness and fluidness of the Spartans. "Spartans?!"

Khalisah al-Jilani

Westerlund News." A woman shouted running up toward the group a camera drone at her shoulder, two of the Spartans in riot gear blocked her. "Why are you escorting a murderer to the Senate? Shurly the dead of Shanxi deserve justice and vengeance!"

Almost as soon as the words had left her mouth, Tython was moving forward roaring in fury, Jane and Varshez locked on to his arms pulling him back, Fred stepped forward "Miss al-Jilani I would suggest that you leave the dead in peace, for the living are not as forgiving. This Spartan lost his family at Shanxi, he has had his vengeance. The Turian Commander Vyrnnus was responsible for Shanxi as every other news network has stated. Also if we have to remind you that your anti-Spartan broadcast continue to be racist and xenophobic

you will be shut down." His voice was quiet, dangerously quiet.

Al-Jilani grinned with smug satisfaction, "Are you trying to threaten me? I'm a citizen of the USFA I'm entitled to free speech, you can't threaten people like that freak." Her words were vicious. Tython was still struggling.

"When were you born Miss al-Jilani? After the war I assume because otherwise you'd know that why we have Spartans. I have witnessed the deaths of over a hundred worlds, I have fought the parasite, and I fight the rage." Fred reached forward and crushed the camera in his hand. "Miss al-Jilani there is a line between free speech and preaching hatred and ignorance, now unless you want to be arrested for slander, racism, and dishonouring of the dead. Leave now." With that the Spartans and their prisoner entered the Grand Spire leaving a shocked silence in their wake.

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. **

**262, 144 Light Years from Galactic Centre (Milky Way) The Ark. New Reach Grand Spire **

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Most of the Spartans dispersed, only Reaper squad and Fred were left with Desolas. Jane and Varshez released Tython. Some people in the buildings large foyer looked at the group but most ignored them, Desolas looked around him, this building was designed like the space stations he realised, flowing corners, blue light, gravity defying objects levitating of the ground. There was a large wooden reception desk with dozens of people sitting at it, people were coming and going out of various elevators, strange flying drones flew around the roof. Two 10 feet tall mechs with long arms that looked like some sort of rifle stood by one of the doors; there were no solid joints on them only a glowing blue light, their heads were like grinning skulls. Fred nodded toward them "Watcher Hunters specialist assault Mechs." It was toward these mechs the group now walked, the door they were guarding slid open to reveal a platform of blue light with a single line of the same blue light moving straight up. Desolas stared his mouth open, nibblets hanging loose, the Spartans were standing on light. Fred chuckled it sounded like a Krogan laughing "It's Hardlight general, perfectly safe." Desolas hesitated before stepping forward, the second he was full on the Hardlight the elevator began to rise.

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. **

262, 144 Light Years from Galactic Centre (Milky Way) The Ark. New Reach Grand Spire Senate Chambers

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The door opened into a long hall with a set of double doors at the far end. A group of ten mechs stood. These mechs were alike and were armed with blue Hardlight weapons, as the group advanced one of them

turned and roared at Desolas, its face opening to reveal a skull. The Turian reared back in horror, Fred snorted "Prometheans." The Prometheans stepped back as the Spartan raised his right hand palm open. He placed his hand on the door and it open inwards.

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Lord Terrence Hood 3rd President of the United Species Federal Alliance sat in silence as the great doors to the Senate Chambers opened, he sat on his gravity throne above a raised dais with an empty throne on his right and the Arbiter on his left. Directly to the right of the dais sat the 75 members of the Senate all sitting in groups of five according to their political duties, on his left the 75 Hierarchs sitting quietly in the gravity thrones, and below him the 15 members of HIGHCOM all in silent. One of the Hierarchs had gone to the _Watcher_ to try and understand the Turian. Watching all were a pair of camera drones. The Spartan squad advanced with their prisoner before halting before Hood. They came to their knees saluting, Desolas performed his species salute. Hood nodded, a door in the floor opened and rising out of it was a single Promethean AI. It was built to look like a forerunner only its head held only a single eye, and this was no ordinary AI this was Offensive Bias the finest AI ever created, the leader of the Forerunner fleets in the final battle against the flood. Offensive spoke "We are gathered here for the Judgment of Desolas Arterius. May the Mantles justice account in all things." The AI looked down at Desolas "General Desolas Arterius you stand before the Senate of United Species Federal Alliance and the High Command of the United Species Armed Forces accused of the war crimes of utilising orbital bombardment of a civilian structure. How do you plead?" The AI's voice resonated round the room.

Desolas answer was short "Guilty." No noise was made. The members of HIGHCOM looked at Desolas with searching eyes; the Senators looked on impassively, the Hierarchs watching all with quiet indifference.

The Arbiter looked at Hood, the President nodded once, the massive Sangheili rose from his seat, his armour seemed to gleam as the stepped down of the dias and towards Desolas "We will not condemn you for the laws of your government." He passed Offensive Bias, "We will not condemn you for the intelligence that lead to your orders." The Arbiter halted before Desolas "But we must punish you for the death you caused. And maybe you will wish we had given you death." The Arbiter placed his massive four finger hand on Desolas head. "Witness the end of worlds." And the Arbiter launched his conciseness at Desolas' mind.

Desolas eyes widened as he saw hundreds of worlds burned instantly, thousands of voices crying out as one, a fury that made his body shake, a shame so great that his very soul wept, and deep in his mind passed all the memories that were not own his, passed the raging emotions, a single voice spoke "Remember deeds not words." The Turian writhed in his own mind, "you are the master of your life, as you live remember those who will not." The voice was now louder joined by others "Remember!" louder more "Remember!" louder "Remember!" it was too much "REMEMBER!"

Desolas crashed to the ground the Arbiter stepped back and Offensive Bias spoke again "General Desolas Arterius judgment has been dealt. The Mantles justice accounts." The Senators and Hierarchs nodded as

one. Offensive spoke again his voice calm as ever "Desolas Arterius we prepare for war with the Citadel Counsel and all who stand with them." It gave Hood a small bit of satisfaction to watch the way Desolas' head snapped up.

"For what purpose" The Turian was swaying even as he asked his question.

"Liberation and Retaliation." A strong deep voice that commanded loyalty and respect declared Desolas turned and saw Death walking forward, armour black as night, streamlined to fit the body of its wearer, at the same time it was thick and heavy, the movements were far too fluid for it to be a mech, the helm was simple, the golden visor looking straight ahead. The Spartans and members of HIGHCOM saluted, the Senators and Hierarchs bowed their heads only Hood and the Arbiter remained unmoved.

The massive Sangheili shook his head "You're late."

The warrior snorted "Would you rather I came in the rage?" Everyone in the room tensed slightly. Hood shook his head slowly. "I trust judgment was suitable." He asked as he walked up the dais to the empty gravity throne.

"I gave him the war and the guilt." The Arbiter said quietly. The other was silent.

Hood at last spoke "General the USFA sees the Citadel Council as a threat to the Mantle and the peace we have enjoyed these last decades. The Council are cowards who halt any advancement by their subjects; they exert their power over the weak, they uplift species born for war then question why they fight, they allow slavers to run rampant, and banished the most advanced race they had ever met out of fear. When we come into contact they will attempt to take our strength for themselves." As Hood spoke his voice did not change throughout his speech; however the members of the Senate became angry and agitated.

"To call the Citadel Council a government is wrong." A voice shouted

"Aye they are a nothing but a controlling group of blind cowards." Another bellowed. The chamber was filled with shouts of agreement.

The warrior spoke "The Mantle of Responsibility encompasses all, the Council utilise a twisted form and claim it for themselves. They are not concerned for the people under their protection only their own species and their own power, we intend to liberate their people, we offer you this chance to minimise the casualties in this inevitable conflict, all members of the Citadels various armed forces will be offered this chance, for a time you will be hated by your people, you will have to fight them, maybe even your own kin, fight with us and when the Council falls be remembered as a hero. Fight with us and regain what you can of your fallen honour."

Silence resounded around the room, Desolas looked up into the golden visor and felt all his pain, his shame, his doubt, and his self-hatred leave him, he had no troops to command, "he was already dead to Saren and the Hierarchy" he had nothing. He looked into

that visor and made his choice. "By the spirits of Palaven I will fight."

The warrior nodded "You are now a member of the USAF, your rank will be Warrant Officer, you will fight with Reaper squad under Commander Shepard's orders, when more of the Citadel species join us you will fight with them." Desolas nodded once.

Hood spoke "This judgment is over. The Mantle encompass all." The Senators and Hierarchs stood bowing to the Supreme Commanders and the President before walking out. Hood smiled a fire that had not been there previously shining in his eye. "Now we have a war to prepare for."

****USFA Codex****

****Ships:-****

****Basic Info:-****

Named after the famous Admiral Cole, the _Cole_ â€" class battleship was developed in 2572 just after contact with the TEC. They have seen no heavy action but have seen much action against pirates and Insurrectionists. The _Cole_ â€" class were created when the USFA realised that they had no standard capital ships only specialist capital ships. _Coles_ carry more missiles and have heavier MACs than stranded USAF ships. The _Cole_ â€" class are now considered to be the only class of battleship suited to leading battle fleets in space combat due to their specials design.

****Combat information: -****

Length: - 3km

Height: - 480m

Width: - 550m

****Weapons: -****

Cole â€" class battleships carry three Onagers cannon batteries on each side of the ship. Each battery is made up of three Heavy Onagers. Heavy Onagers are more powerful than standard Onagers. _Cole_ â€" class are also equipped with a two heavy MAC guns, four plasma torpedoes and over 50 LRG Rail Gun Mark 5 turrets and a single energy projector.

****Defences:** -**

Class 3 ship shields. Point defence lasers, 2.5 meters of titanium-A battle plate, and several batteries of M70 Asynchronous Linear-Induction Motor (Mk70 Gauss Cannon) that can be used against strike craft and boarding craft.

****SPARTANS:-****

****Regiments:-****

****Basic Info:-****

There are twenty Regiments of Spartans in existence several have specialities in certain areas. Each regiments contains 3,000 Spartans, Regiments are divided into 3 battalions and 12 company.

****Regiments and Specialities:-****

171st War Dogs ****Specialists ****

95th Iron Fists **** Mechanised****

205th Steel Rain **** ODSS ****

111th Malleorum Deus **** Armoured ****

309thRising Aquilas **** Air-born****

75th Dead Stars **** Space combat****

196th Blue Riders ****Assault****

8th Armour Infantry (Section 8) ****ODSS****

51st Freelancers ****Spec Ops ****

32ndFalling Angles ****ODSS****

68thStorm Cloaks **** Infantry****

198thColes Hands **** Infantry ****

710thFlaming Wings ****Air-born ****

501st Black Fist ****Infantry ****

305thRed Bears ****Armoured ****

55th Sabre Knights **** Space combat****

141st

Histories Victors (the One Four One) ****Spec ops****

147th War Hammers ****Mechanised****

745th Death Knights ****Assault ****

661st Shadow Born ****Spec Ops****

****Combat Verticals:-****

****Raptor assault** **bikes:-****

****Basic Info:-****

A fast assault bike designed by Colonel Leonard Church of the 51st Freelancers. The Raptor allows for swift tactical assaults and fast withdrawals it is favoured by Spec Ops and Assault forces.

****Armaments: -****

One M49 Mine-gun

****Defences: - ****

Type 1 vertical light shields

****Puma light combat vertical:-****

****Basic Info:-****

Another creation Colonel Leonard Church the Puma is a six wheeled assault truck that can carry the fire power of a platoon or the transport heavily armed squads in to battle. They are equipped with hardlight rams on the front of the Pumas.

****Armaments: -****

Two " four M48 light anti-aircraft guns, two " six MG478 Automatic Grenade Launchers, zero " two Anti-Vehicle Model 10 Grindell/Galilean Nonlinear Rifle.

****Defences: - ****

Type 1 vertical shields

****Forerunner Artefacts ****

****Promethean Hunters:-****

****Basic Info:- ****

Promethean Hunters are the minds of multiple Promethean AIs combined to make more effective combat unites. Hunters are all 10 feet tall each class carries different armaments. There are three classes.

****Watcher Class:-****

****Armaments: -****

One hardlight railgun, two Suppressors and one Binary Rifle.

****Defences: - ****

Type 3 infantry shields, Slipspace teleporter.

****Slaughterer Class:-****

****Armaments: -****

Two hardlight railgun, two Heavy Suppressors and one Incinerator Cannon.

****Defences: - ****

Type 4 infantry shields, Slipspace teleporter.

****Ripper Class:-****

****Armaments: -****

Two Scattershots, two Heavy Suppressors and one hardlight sword.

****Defences: - ****

Type 3 infantry shields, Slipspace teleporter.

Indomitable****â€"class Star Fortress:-****

****Basic Info:-****

The _Indomitable_â€"class Star Fortress were the Forerunners finest defensive weapons built in the Forerunner â€" Flood War each was a staggering thirty-five kilometre in diameter and responsible for the defences of a Halo installation. When the USFA found them they made some adjustments of their own.

****Armaments:-****

50 Onagers

20 Longbow missile batteries

20 Forerunner Heavy Hardlight Cannons

40 Forerunner Light Hardlight Cannons

30 Pulse Laser batteries

****Defences:-****

Type 6 Forerunner Ship Shields

Advanced Anti-missiles systems

600 Heavy Point Defences turrets

Next Chapter:- War Plans and Demons

Some people will note the Johns name was not mentioned this is because it's still not widely known.

Please leave constructive criticism not random complaints. If you aren't signed in when you review I will ignore what you have to say. If anyone tries to make a case against Desolas I would remind you this is my story.

Thanks for reading time for some news.

Due to life I will not be working on this story for the rest of the month as I have prelims and will have exams in May. I will get to decide the Shep/Joker Shep/Garrus compaction till Joker makes his appearance. Got any suggestions for Johns theme music?
;-)

Yours

HD

7. Chapter 6: Family and War plans

Empires Clash

This is the end of the first arc not the story.

First Contact Arc complete

Chapter 6:- War Plans and Family

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. **

262, 144 Light Years from Galactic Centre (Milky Way) The Ark. New Reach Grand Spire Senate Chambers

â€|

"Now we have a war to prepare for." As soon as the words left Hoods mouth the officers of HIGHCOM were moving, a long table rose from the ground it's surface black as pitch. The members of HIGHCOM sat around the table with Lord Hood and the Supreme Commanders at the head. "Commander you team is dismissed; you and Warrant Officer Desolas will remain here." Hood ordered. Jane nodded to her team who turned and left the chamber. Hood spoke again "Warrant Officer allow me to introduce the members of USAF High Command; Alpha Jiralhanaes Angronus and Koronus, War Chieftains Brackus and Origaus and the Chieftain of the Jiralhanae, Marus." The Jiralhanae all nodded once as Desolas saluted.

"Imperial Admiral Trasksa, Fleet Masters Rtas and Txranse, and Field Marshalls Vrmoend and Fledorin." The Sangheili grunted in response to the Turians salute.

"Admirals Osman and Miranda Keyes, Fleet Admiral Hackett, General Avery Johnson and General Edward Buck." The human admirals nodded to Desolas while the Generals grunted. "And Supreme Commanders Didact and Vadam." The two warriors remind silent and unmoving.

The large table, the group was gathered round, flashed once as a galaxy map activated. "We know that there is at least one Turian world on the other side of the relay, but we need more solid Intel before committing to an attack." Admiral Osman said stepping her fingers.

Desolas could not understand why he suddenly felt cold looking into this woman's eyes, but he shrugged it off as nerves. "There are two inhabited worlds in that system." He noted that as he spoke the galaxy map changed, "One garden world and one ice, both are home to large military forces, but any fleets gather at the garden world; Gothi, it is a large training world and is responsible for construction of 5% of the Hierarchy's fleets. The Ice world; Teroth is a joint base with the Salarian Special Tasks Group -STG for short-

we tested experimental weapons there." Desolas took a deep breath "My brother, Saren, will be leading a force of two hundred and fifty ships. They were meant to act as a relief force, or reinforcements, when they arrive in the system in fourteen days time." Silence met his words.

"What is the military capacity on Gothis?" Vrmoend asked pulling a whole data slate over to him and preparing to type.

"There are six legions of Troops from the Hierarchy and two regiment from the joint Citadel Army, and two Cabal special forces teams. One Turian dreadnaught, five cruisers and fifteen frigates were stationed in orbit of Gothis. With ten anti-orbital guns outside the main cities" Desolas felt sick at the information he was giving.

"Civilian population?" Didact asked his voice calm and quiet with no hint of emotion.

"Very small. Gothis has fewer than two million civilians, the colony is completely controlled by the military, Teroth â€" the ice world â€" has only recruits, medics and military researchers." Deep inside his mind he felt as if he had damned his people, even though they would never accept him back after his defeat.

"Very well. Commander you and your team have seventy-two hours shore leave. Have one of them show the Warrant Officer around, then come and see me." Didact said his voice never changing. "We will finalise some minor points for the invasion and occupation of the system. Dismissed."

The pair saluted and turned to leave. As they entered the elevator the Arbiter called out. "Commander see that Desolas has some time in the Librarium." The massive Sangheili locked eyes with the Turian for a split second "I think he needs it."

â€|

John turned to Thel "Well? Was he specking the truth?"

His counterpart nodded "Aye Spartan. He felt regret even as he gave us the information. I felt it in his mind."

"Doubtless he fears for his people." Brackus said stroking his chin.

"They're not his people anymore." Osman said coldly. The others nodded in agreement.

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. **

**Cyberspace **

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/ _Order! Order! The Minority has the floor!_ /

/ _The Assembly recognizes the speaker for the Minority_

/

We had not anticipated this action concerning the former General.

Is human mercy in play?

Doubtful the [Warrior] sent most of the last three hours before his arrival in stage five of the rage.

The Majority questions the Minority's plan concerning the creation of hard light Omni-tools.

_What is the Majority question? _

Is this really necessary?

Think on the question you have asked and ask yourselves, why not.

We are not our makers. It should have been their plan and decision.

_We are made from them. We have always assisted them. How is this any different? _

You are act far too much like them.

_ Is that a crime? _

_ I would consider searching yourself for rampancy. _

You would.

[] _This arguing is pointless. There is not denying what we have become._ []

/ _The Assembly recognizes 05 " 032 _

/

[] _The Reclaimers are the next step in human evolution. And with the advances in Neural Interfacing there will soon be only one difference between you and them_. []

Souls?

[]

CTN 0452-9 laid that question to rest. No. You would only lack flesh. []

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. **

262, 144 Light Years from Galactic Centre (Milky Way) The Ark. New Reach Grand Spire Landing Pad Yankee 95

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Desolas blinked in the sudden light when the elevator opened and his new superior officer walked towards an incredible looking skycar. Slick and elegant it was made of the same material as the tower and the stations in orbit. Painted on its sides was a logo of a burning Spartan helm staring straight ahead. She turned to him placing a hand on her hip. "I'll take you to the Librarium first and then send Rev to come show you around. Ok?"

Desolas nodded once as they stepped in to the skycar before asking. "Whatâ€| What happened in there?"

Jane turned her head slightly and saw a look of shock â€" well she thought it was shock â€" on the Turians face. "Hood and the Senate felt that the Arbiter's punishment would be suitable given the situation." She stated as they slipped in to the car.

The Turian gave a hallow laugh "Yes. I never want to sleep again." The car rose before dropping gently down the towers side.

Jane looked almost sad "That why I'm going to take you to the Librarium. It's an archive of all knowledge gathered by the USFA and our forefathers, there's over billion years of information collected by AI's and scholars from every species." Desolas looked at her sceptically. "There are over a thousand texts on the Mantle, I think that one of them might help you."

The Turian snorted "I doubt it. Besides from what your comrade said I thought only people like you could follow it."

Jane laughed "You'd think that wouldn't you? No anyone can fallow the Mantle, anyone can teach it, and anyone can research it." She smiled like a Krogan under her helmet, "But only Spartans, only Reclaimers, can fight and die for it, only Reclaimers can enforce it and only Reclaimers can really understand it. Others can think and guess about it purpose but we know it, it's a blessing and a curse." The skycar slid under a monorail track and out of the city. Jane was still grinning like a Krogan as she changed gear, "Hold on, ugly." As the Turian opened his mouth to complain at the nick name, Jane floored it. Desolas was pressed back against his chair. The car shot past a pair of patrolling Black Hawks, spinning out over the plains of the Ark.

As they speed over miles of land, Desolas gasped as the car slowed "was that real necessary?" his vision was blur and he had a ringing in his ears.

She laughed "No, but that's how I drive outside the cities." The car skimmed over the ground only two meters high. "Its how I get my kicks when I'm not fighting." They shot over a beach, and out over a sea. They flew over a ship, strike craft littering its surface. Desolas looked back, he could no longer see the land they'd left, it was odd they hadn't been travelling for more than an hour but they were already far from land, he reasoned that car must have a powerful anti gravity generator.

The car was once again approaching land, this time Desolas was confused as to the scale of it. Mountains rose on the horizon, massive towers rising up with regular intervals between them and

coming from the towers was a wall of shimmering blue light. Standing on the beaches before each of the towers were dozens of four-legged walkers, large turrets on their backs pointing out to sea. As they got closer Desolas realised with a shock that each of the walkers must have been at least a hundred meters high. As the skycar slipped through their legs Jane smiled "Scarabs." The Scarabs were a dark purple streamlined and clean, yet they clearly war machines.

They slowed as they approached the base of one of the mountains, there was a tunnel opening in the mountainside, a pair of biped walkers guarding it. As the car flew past Desolas turned to Jane "With all this security I would have thought we'd have been stopped."

Jane nodded "No. I've got authorisation similar to a Citadel Spectre. I'm part of the Office of Naval Intelligence." She grinned "Ghost Section." The car was now skimming along the ground, it seemed that inside the wall of shimmering light was covered in snow, as they rounded a corner Desolas felt his breath catch in his throat. Standing before a high tower overlooking the Foundry were two monstrous walkers both stood at over a hundred and ten metres high. Two huge cannons were mounted on the walkers in place of arms, smaller weapons were mounted on their shoulders, and the heads of the gargantuans were those of snarling predators. "_Warlord_ â€"class _Goliath_ battle walkers." Jane said as they slipped round a pair of warthogs. "Their _Fist_ Onager cannons can smash most fortifications to pieces." Desolas nodded dully. The skycar swept above the plains before the tower, rising upward towards a landing pad as dozens of other vehicles rose or fell from similar pads.

The Turian and Spartan exited the skycar before a large door that slipped in on itself easily as they approached.

The interior of the tower was not what Desolas had expected. He had thought of elevators, a lobby or an office, but "Spirits" he whispered, he had not expected a library; rows and rows of books â€" paper books â€" met his gaze, hundreds of terminals, countless shelves of data pads and numerous holographic interfaces, there were dozens of people inside the expansive room but it was totally silent. A strange sphere flew down towards them one side was shaped like

a droplet of water with three eyes and a glyph in the centre. "I witness all." It said, the voice deep and foreboding holding an ageless quality.

Jane nodded slightly "Mendicant Bias, I did not know we would meet you here."

Mendicant turned to her "I witness all that happens here. I know all that happens here. I assumed that the Repentant would need a guide." The AI's deep voice seemed to resonate around them.

Jane bowed her head slightly she spoke "That would be appreciated Mendicant." Looking at Desolas she said "Mendicant Bias is caretaker of the Librarium and the oldest AI in service, he'll look after you for now."

Desolas raised an eyebrow "How old is he?"

"I was activated over 102621 years ago." The AI responded, "I am also responsible for the maintenance of Keyship, _In Victory_."

Desolas was amazed by this information this AI was older than any of the Counsel species. It was unthinkable. "Well Warrant Officer, I'll leave you here, I have work to do. Azrael will come to give you a tour in about three hours." Jane said turning back to the door, walking away.

"May I advise on a particular book to begin with, Repentant?" Mendicant asked, his shell floating alongside the Turian as he walked among the shelves.

"You could but I doubt I could read it. My translator has not been updated, I think only yours have." Desolas said looking along the shelf of paper books. *_paper books_* he thought *_why would such an advanced group of races use paper?_*

"Ah. Many apologies Repentant. Stand still a moment." The AI said moving round to the back of Desolas' head, a beam of blue light emerged from the space between the AI's eyes, connecting with the back of Desolas head. "Mmmâ€¦ it appears that your translator is very standard by our technology. We will have to get you a neural implant later. There all done."

Desolas rubbed his hand over the back of his head gingerly, his fringe felt fine so did the rest, careful he picked up one of the data pads. He felt a rush of relief, title was simple _The Art of War_.

"Ah. _The Art of War_ is a standard read for all USAF personnel. I would suggest that you read this first though." The AI said carrying a book over with the same light it had used on Desolas head. The title was four simple words â€œone of which Desolas had expectedâ€œ _The Mantle of Responsibility_.

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. **

**262, 144 Light Years from Galactic Centre (Milky Way) The Ark.
White Bear Mountains. Eagle Estate**

â€¦

Jane slammed hard on the brakes; the skycar skidded along a dirt path before coming to a stop perfectly into a small rectangular ditch in the ground. As she stepped out she grinned, despite the fact she couldn't drive a military transport to save herself she could drive skycars and bikes perfectly, it was sources of great amusement to her friends and family. Jane stretched looking around her; the entrance to the large estate was only a few feet away, the onyx eagles on the gate posts glimmered as the light from the hardlight walls hit them. Past the gate a great rolling field of grass and heather reaching to a large pine forest, rising from deep among the trees were the White Bear Mountains. The area reminded her of the

Highland Mountains on Reach and the Pentland hills in Scotland, it was safe, it was home.

The ditch the car had landed in sank beneath the ground into an underground storage area as Jane walked through the gate. On the

other side of it she stopped. She shifted her feet, lowered her upper body and moved. She was not the fastest Spartan, but she was the fastest IV, her surroundings blurred as she moved, the grass inside the gate speed past under her. As she ran the animals that made the grounds their home watched her; from small rabbits to the heard of Thorn Beast moving slowly towards the forest that surrounded her home. As she approached the eves of the wood she turned her head left and right watching for the attack she new to be coming.

A bush to her left exploded outward in a wall of snarling grey fur and teeth. Jane smirked as she lowered herself below her attacker, flipping them upwards rolling backwards, still holding on she came to a stop with her left hand on her attacker's neck. "I win again." she informed her captive. Beneath her a large canine snorted, wiggling wildly "Come on Tyr, I've won this round." Tyr looked up at her, trying to lick her hands. Jane rolled her eyes looking down at the dog. Tyr was the reason Doctor Halsey was not allowed to look after animals while working on any material involving the SPARTAN program. The Siberian husky would have been tougher than his normal kin due to his grey-wolf father but thanks to his accidental augmentation he was larger and stronger than any normal dog, or wolf, a fact Jane had loved when she was smaller. His grey and black coat was covered in dirt from were Jane had pinned him. His blue eyes were filed with a wiry curiosity and wit. The dog finally stopped struggling and looked up at her with eyes filled with remorse.

Jane sighed "Fine. You big softy. I'll let you up." she stepped backwards and the dog rolled over on to his feet. Jane ruffled his head; the dog licked her armoured hand. "Well come on then, if you came to see me I guess they will have come to." Jane said turning back into the forest, she grinned looking down at her dog "Think you can keep up?" the only response she got was the sight of Tyrs backside moving away from her. Laughing she took off after him.

The Forest whizzed past them as they sprinted forward, the dog diving and sliding between fallen trees and rocks. The human dancing and flying between branches and other animals. They moved together in almost perfect harmony knowing where the other would be an instant before they were. Jane slide under a fallen tree while Tyrs bounded over it, Jane felt a change in the air and twisted sharply to the right a millisecond after the branch she had leapt over was shattered by a high powered round. The Spartan grinned, if her dog had been there to greet her she knew her family would as well.

Now as the human and dog ran, they ran as they would have if they were hunted. Jane continually dodged as more rounds slammed into the ground round her, one caught her arm, there was a splatter of red, and she still ran. Tyrs barked once and she leant her head back, narrowly avoiding the glowing blade that swept over her face, another round slammed into the ground millimetres from her foot. She rolled coming up in a fighting stance, her opponent deactivated their optical camouflage, opposite her stood a Spartan in Titan class Hayabusa armour. In one hand they held a long katana, its edge shimmering with energy, the other hand held a long combat knife in a reverse grip.

"Nice to see you Uncle Fred." Jane said grinning rubbing her paint splattered arm, "Aunt Linda got me good that time, paint ball rounds instead of Tactical Training Rounds?"

The other Spartan chuckled, "Nice to see you too Jane, why didn't I get the Uncle's welcome earlier?" He sheathed the katana and knife.

"What in front of my squad, a base full of troops and a prisoner. You wanted me to give you a hug and ask you how you were?" the sarcasm dripped from her voice.

"You spent far too much time with Joker in the Academy." The older Spartan responded with a deep chuckle. "Me and Linda were just going to say Hi, as we have to bug out."

"Got your marching orders then?" Jane asked, her face creasing into a frown.

"Yes, the Third Company is to join Battle Fleet _Harvest_ for

Innie clean up, so you won't see us for a while." Fred told her as another Spartan dropped down beside him.

"Hey Aunt Linda, keeping his ass in line?" Jane asked the new arrival.

"As best I can Jane." Her aunt replied even with her helmet on Jane knew she was grinning. "But as you know we've got to run."

"I know, see when you get back?" Jane asked walking forward and hugging them both.

"I hope so, we need to kick your ass at war games." Fred said thumping his niece's helmet once, then the pair of Spartan II's turned and strode off towards the edge of the wood and the Estate.

Tyr walked up to his owner and barked three times, his tail wagged maddeningly Jane smiled gently beneath her helm, the pair turned towards the sound of running water walking deep in to the woods, their pace was now slow and measured, they were in no hurry.

One hour later the two emerged from the forest on to a wall of sheer rock standing over a wide valley between the mountains and the forest, a river ran out from the mountains bubbling and gurgling as it sped on. Over a stone bridge sat a three story house, the simple stone walls fitting into their surroundings almost seamlessly, a single towering chimney stood tall over the rear of the house, a gentle plume of smoke floated up into the air. Sitting out on the porch was an old man lying in a large blue deckchair a

Marine Corps cap over his eyes, sleeping for all the world to see.

Grinning wickedly Jane leaped silently, falling from forty feet to land perfectly on the western bank of the river, Tyr snorted and started to walk down the path. Jane sprinted noiselessly towards the sleeping man, she crossed the bridge in seconds, slowing she reach towards him, her fingers towards his hat. Something hard and metallic clicked against Jane's chest plate she looked down, an

Asymmetric Recoilless Pistol, the "Hammer" to the Marines, a single shot could kill a charging Mgalekgolo with one shot to the head.

"Hey! Grampa Mendez." The Spartan stepped back allowing the marine Drill Instructor up, "kick any grunts today?"

Thanks to new medical technologies Franklin Mendez had aged well, making the 86 year old veteran appear to be in his early fifties, his silver hair circling his head like a crown "No, the punks have been behaving themselves, can't say the same for the recruits for the S IV's and V's. Damn kids are always so arrogant." Mendez frowned making his grizzled appearance seem more sombre than frightening. "I think I'm going to have to let your dad handle them, it worked on the last group." The old man said pulling a Sweet William cigar out of his breast pocket, he lit it from an old fashioned lantern hanging over the porch.

Jane pulled her helmet off grinning "he put them in commas for two weeks." She glanced at the cigar as Tyr trotted up to them "Got any others?" she asked, as Mendez breathed out a large smoke ring.

"Nope. Last one."

Jane sighed in defeat "Damn, well I hope we've still got some whisky left then I need to relax after that shit storm."

Mendez shook his head as Jane walked past him into the house.

â€|

As Jane stepped through the door an inbuilt

armour removal station activated stripping Jane of her TITAN battle plate. Tyr ran past her towards the sitting room as Jane called out, "I'm home! Going to change."

Even as she walked up the thick wooden stairs she heard her mother's shout of greeting and acknowledgement from the gym and her brother's from the sitting room. Her feet carried her upstairs as a loud thud came from the gym as someone was slammed against the training mat. Jane stretched on the landing before crossing over to her room. Like every bedroom in the house it was very spartan, a single bed, one desk, two chairs, one wardrobe, one set of drawers, and a simple terminal. And like every bedroom in the house there was a single M6M Handgun under the bed. Jane pulled her under suite off, slipping into a pair of combat trousers and a black USAF shirt with a burning red standard printed on the back.

Jane walked down the stairs trying to plan what to do with her short shore leave. Entering the living room Jane saw her younger brother Sam scowling fiercely at a large display on which dozens of simulated war-ships moved. "Failing again?" She asked, recognising the game as Galaxy Total War 2, a game favoured by military tacticians and gamers alike.

Sam looked round, his brown hair a mass of random spikes, his jaw was set and his brow furrowed over his blue eyes. "No." he answered shortly, "I just can't break their lines." Jane looked at the screen; her brother was fighting a small naval battle using six Heavy Destroyers and a pair of Marathon Cruisers against twelve Corvettes and four CCS Battlecruisers. "I've been at them for thirty minutes

and dad still won't help me." The 12 year old grumbled.

Jane considered leavening him to figure it out by himself but it looked as if the kid was at the end of his wits. "Try drawing them tight together with one of the Destroyers." She said pointing towards a gap in the computers formation.

"Why?" Sam asked a confused look running over his face. "This is the campaign , if I lose a ship I need to build a new one."

Jane rolled her eyes "A good leader must be ready to send soldiers under his command to their deaths. It is acceptable to spend their lives if necessary. It is not acceptable, however, to waste those lives. Who said that?"

>Sam smiled "Grampa Mendez." He looked at the screen. "So you're saying I can sacrifice one ship and I can win with the rest intact?"<p>

Jane grinned at him "Only if you think like a real Commander."

With that she turned and walked off towards the gym where the sound of bodies hitting the training mat was getting louder and harder. Jane stepped through the sliding door and lent against the wall. Before her two people fought, too fast for the human eye to follow, difficult even for Jane's enhanced eyesight, blocks and locks were performed instantly, one of the combatants would slam into the mat but before their opponent could capitalise they moved. Finally the smaller of the pair crashed into the mat, the larger one was on them in a second locking all their limbs in place. "God damn you and your luck!" Kelly Didact said as she struggled in her foes grasp. "Fine you winâ€| this time." She said glowering up at him.

John Didact grinned "That's what you said last time as well." He stepped back helping her up. Before turning to Jane, his brow furrowing ever so slightly "Are you ok? Varshez said you were pretty bad at Shanxi." His voices held very little emotion but those who knew him would know he was deeply concerned.

"I'm fine dad; just need something to relax a bit. Although I still want to know why I have a code name." " Jane said as Kelly pulled her daughter in to a hug.

There was a whoop of victory from the sitting room as Sam finally won, Kelly sighed "I've explained this; you have a code name to ensure that people don't follow your orders just because of who you are." Jane just rolled her eyes in response. "Anyway I want to hear about this Turian soldier from you. I hate reading the reports they always miss things."

The three of them walked towards the kitchen as Jane spoke "Can I have some whisky? I really need to relax."

John sighed "You spent too much time with Joker."

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2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. **

**Cyberspace **

â€|

/ _The Majority has the floor._ /

Now the gears turn and we march to war.

_Is it really necessary for Mendicant to personally watch Desolas?

_

Yes. He can learn much simply from speaking to him.

You take to many risks.

_No we do what is necessary. _

Careful your starting to sound like him.

/ _We have received a message from Warchief._ /

UNITED SPECIES ARMED FORCES PRIORITY MESSAGE 051819-950

ENCRYPTION CODE: NONE-ALL EYES

FROM: WARCHIEF

TO: ALL USAF PERSONNEL

DATE: MARCH 21th, 2587

CLASSIFICATION: PUBLIC RELEASE STATEMENT

[START]

We are at war. As of 2578 March 21th USAF Military Calendar, the United Species Armed Forces are to be deployed for war against the Turian Hierarchy of the Andromeda Galaxy. All relevant information on the Hierarchy is being forward to all military personnel now. 31st Grand Fleet is to prepare for deployment.

As of 2578 March 21th USAF Military Calendar, Supreme Commander Didact is now in command of all operations in the Andromeda Galaxy. Marshall Law is in effect within Andromeda. Cole Protocol and Reach Protocol are to be enforced.

Stand strong.

Stand fast.

We are the Shield.

We are the Sword.

- Supreme Commander Thel Vadam

- USAF Supreme Commander

[END]

_My point is made. _

Arrogance

/ _Incoming transmission_ /

] This is AI Delta-18095 Horus of Taskforces Hunter we have located the remains of a group of Vasari Starbases locked in position around a closed wormhole. While we have no knowledge of where it leads we know the wormhole was closed over 25 years ago. The Vasari live. We have also determined what was hunting them. The Flood. Fortunately the parasite has starved. Cortana contingent is in effect. Fleet Admiral Morrison has requested that HIGHCOM dispatch 25th and 13th Grand Fleets to assist the Taskforces with further operations. Colonisation fleets are recommended to remain three systems away at all times.[

)) _Well this changes thingsâ€¦| _((

â€¦|

2578 March 21**th**** USFA Military Calendar. Installation-03
Location Unknown**

â€¦|

In a single bleak cell sat a old woman.

She had been more feared than a fleet of Covenant Cruisers.

She had held power over countless lives.

She had destroyed families and worlds for her own beliefs.

She was Margaret Orlenda Parangosky and she was in hell.

She looked up as the door to her cell opened. Two women stood before her one wore TITAN armour. The armour was black. The ONI logo sat perfectly over her heart and on her left shoulder. The other wore a lab coat. Margaret knew them both, she had tried to destroy one of their lives and rule the others. "Catherine. Serin. "

Dr Halsey sat opposite her former foe, looking tired and haunted "Margaret." Her voice was as cold as the former Admirals.

Serin Osman sighed "Can we do, what we came to do, without hostilities? Please?" she asked, if Margaret wasn't mistaken Serin sounded resigned. "When you were imprisoned here it was for war crimes and treason."

"And the good doctor was let off with a warning. I remember." Serin wondered how bitter her former mentor was. How blind. How cruel.

"Things change and they have again." She replied calmly.

"I have access to the net, I know there's a new war and a new government." Cruel and blind, that's what she had become, maybe they should have shot her.

"But you won't know that I'm resigning as head of ONI." That got her; the old woman was interested now. "And HIGHCOM believes that you

should have a chance at redemption."

"So they're sweeping everything under the carpet and giving me back my job?" Oh, that hopeful light in her eyes, Serin wished that someone else could have done this.

"No, you'll be reinstated as Admiral but you will not have full control of ONI." The light of hope had lessened but it was still there. "You'll have joint command with Admiral Jack Harper and Vice Admiral Mikhailovich. The three of you will oversee and command ONI whilel you'll take my seat at HIGHCOM. I've dropped down the ladder to lead Kilo-Five again. But only if you accept the Supreme Commanders terms."

"What are his terms?" She was trying to play it cool, but Serin could see the hope and the longing.

Halsey smiled calmly "That you undergo standard augmentations and write a report for HIGHCOM every month."

>Margaret frowned "What augmentations?" she demanded.<p>

"Longevity and reflex augmentations. We can't have you die or be assassinated on the job." Halsey answered, Serin was sure that the doctor was enjoying having Margaret ask her questions.

She held out four silver stars in a line. Margaret glanced at them "Why three commanders?"

"HIGHCOM felt that it would mean that ONI could focus on multiple projects, and watch itself. Admiral Harper described the plans as "Having a Cerberus watching all our fears in the dark"

"I'm in."

Serin saluted once.

An old woman walked out of a cell.

She was more feared than a fleet of Covenant Cruisers.

She held power over thousands lives.

She could destroy worlds for her cause.

She was Admiral Parangosky and she would bring the foes of the USAF hell.

â€|

2157 Galactic Standard (**2578 USFA Military Calendar.) The Citadel Council Chambers**

**One Hour after the Slaughter of Shanxi **

â€|

Sparatus was impressed, the Vasari ambassador had spoken with courtesy that had Tevos matched. The insectoid was very forward and honest, explained the situation of his people and their war against the TEC and Advent. Escaping these foes and an ancient parasite

through a wormhole that had now collapsed.

What remained of the Vasari people were gathered in to a fleet of thousands - much like the Quarrians " had been wondering for the last six years.

Now the Vasari were willing to join the Citadel, in exchange for two empty systems the Vasari would give the Council access to their technology and a single

Skarovas Enforcer.

Now Sparatus and the ambassador stood in the Turians offices discussing military tactics. "The idea of a ship designed for carrying fighters only is revolutionary." Sparatus said sipping some wine from a glass.

"Why thank you Councillor, but we only used the designee after meeting the humans of TEC, they really were a powerful foe." The ambassador replied tasting some Turian brandy " theirs species were doth

Dextro-protein.

"The reason I wanted to speak in privet. Was the Hierarchy made contact a new species two days ago, and I wondered if you may have seen them in your travel." Sparatus said getting strait to the point.

"Do, you have an image of one of their ships?" The ambassador asked leaning forward. He lived the Turian.

"Yes, we have a single image of a cruiser." The Turian Councillor, pulling up the image.

The ambassador's glass shattered on the ground. "That is no cruiser. That is a TEC Cobalt Light Frigate."

"

Can anyone remember Admiral Mikhailovich first name? Romances and all that revealed in next arc.

When I originally started this I set out with a goal. That goal was to write six arcs for this story. The first has been completed. I also wanted up to 400 reviews for each arc but I'm behind on that part of the plan.

Sorry that took so long but school and life have been really rubbish for me recently.

8. Message

Empires Clash Important Announcement

I'm going to Denmark for a fortnight and will focus on Fanfic when I get back. I'm sorry I haven't done much recently. Dad was on my case after I finished school. The Next Chapter of ether story will be up by the 17 of August.

I have also updated the previous chapters of Clash of Empires and will change the title to Clash of Empires: Reclaimer War, when I come back.

End
file.